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TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND," "HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

RIDING UP TO THE STATION.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun of early summer, that is, of November in its first days, was descending over the Australian woods after the glowing career of the day, and now had perceptibly abated its force. Clearly and genially it still shone in the cloudless sky, but to the spectator traversing the forest, it appeared at no great height above the lofty trees, and no longer pursued him with consuming force. The silence which had lain on the woods through the day, was now broken by the merry cicadas, the mole-crickets in the warm earth, seeming to these sonorous insects by a reverberation of their own notes. The warbling crow piped its mellifluous chant from the topmost twigs of the fragrant peppermint tree, and the lusty laughter of the dacelo, or jolly-winged jackass, was meant to an excess. The breeze awoke, and gave still more refreshment to the scene, and the birds which had hidden themselves in the darkness of the wattles, or stood knee-deep in the cool stream, now came out, and grazed tranquilly through the bush.

At this moment two young people might have been seen, had any one been there to see them, cantering briskly along a sort of natural avenue in the woods. The one was a young man of middle height, and handsome features; and the other was a young lady bearing a striking likeness to him. They were evidently brother and sister. Which was the eldest it would have been difficult to say; they appeared about one or two and twenty. The young man was clad in a light linen coat and trowsers, without any waistcoat, and only a light blue handkerchief of the finest and slightest fabric tied loosely about his neck. A handsome straw hat, and light boots of fashionable make, having an unmistakable look of Bond Street or Pall Mall, those of the colony about them, and a pistol revolver at his waist, were clear indications that he was fresh to the antipodes.

The young lady had the same aristocratic, refined style of features, but, of course, more delicate. They were at once beautiful, feminine and spirited, and the young man's handsome, but dark brown beard, gave the greatest contrast to their faces. She was as handsome as her brother; a simple skirt of black merino being merely slipped over a morning dress, instead of a riding-habit, and a white straw hat with a blue veil on it, shaded her head from the sun. A mass of rich brown hair was tastefully disposed at the back of the head, and had evidently been shaken down by the ride so as to fall in a rather loose but beautiful manner on her neck.

The two young people came cantering on, followed by a grand black and white Newfoundland dog, and an active, sinewy looking, tawny bull terrier. The woods opened more and more on their left as they advanced, the trees not being entirely absent, but more widely scattered. On the right hand, and again abreast of them the two [illegible] continued, to the eye at least, dense and unbroken. But here in the opener part they came at once to a charming little lake, or what in this country we should call a large pond or reservoir. It was partly square, partly round in shape. The ground all round it was high above it, and descended in sudden steep banks to the water. Fine old trees grew here and there in full freedom, with pictorial effect on its farther banks, and on this which they had reached [illegible] stood one or two of gigantic size. Extensive clumps of reeds and flags occupied portions of the lake nearly all round, except on this side, and the sportsman would at once decide that plenty of water-fowls were concealed there, as at this moment not a sound or a motion betrayed their presence. All was profoundly silent, and ripples skirted the surface of the sunlit water, [illegible] deep below its banks to be touched by the oars.

"Well, this is the very spot for a night's halt," said the young man. "Water, wood, and grass, if I am not mistaken, fish and wild fowl," running his eye rapidly over the reeds and reed-beds.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young lady. "a charming camping place."

Ducks were already swimming in the water, and actually as they swam, and seeming unconsciously after their hot, dusty run [illegible] deep flood. The two young people [illegible] down a convenient slope, for it [illegible] how nature has prepared these accesses by her wilderness pools and for her approaching family, often with as much care and forethought as man could have [illegible] frequently more than he does exhibit [illegible] They quickly from their horses, the youth [illegible] his sister, and proceeding to [illegible] bridles from the warm [illegible] at the foot of a tree, [illegible] creatures, and let them [illegible] the young lady throwing [illegible] saddles, slipped off [illegible] ed in her unincumbered dry leaves for a [illegible] rustic hearth. [illegible] she stood a [illegible] her hands. [illegible] fallen log, [illegible] "And as [illegible] out a [illegible] he was [illegible] sort [illegible] trees-

ing signal for a carriage which now was seen coming at a good rate down the forest opening. It was a sort of American wagon, long and light, on a spring, and was drawn by a pair of excellent, strong carriage horses, and furnished with a circular awning of white canvass.

"Well done!" cried a tall, gentlemanly-looking man who sate on the low front of the wagon driving. "This is a prime place indeed for a halt. Why, youngsters, you must have ordered it beforehand."

"Of course," said the young man, "the last time I travelled this way;" and he looked very merry.

"And as the road is very much frequented, papa," said the laughing girl, "it was quite as well to drop a line to secure lodgings."

"Quite right! quite right!" shouted a couple of female voices from beneath the awning of the wagon, "and so now, perhaps, you will let us out that we may survey our quarters."

At this there was seen a man tumbling out behind the wagon, and in great haste to turn back its canvas curtains, and let down a ladder, down which presently descended three of womankind whom we must particularly introduce to the reader. The first was a tall, slender figure, whom at the first glance your perceived to be a lady by the quiet elegance of her manners, and the cultivated expression of a still handsome face, though she was evidently approaching middle age. Next followed a little, plump body, with a very round, rosy, good-natured countenance, and of apparently the same age, who advanced towards the two young people who were still busy at the fire, the young man having run for a kettle of water and set it close to the fire to boil, while the young lady was folding up her riding-skirt, and laying it aside in more orderly fashion under the great tree.

The little cozy lady we may inform the reader was aunt to the young people, and went in the family by the familiar name of Aunt Judith; and we suppose the sagacious reader has already divined that the tall gentleman and tall lady were the father and mother of the young ones. The third woman was no other than Peggy Wilks, who in England had occupied for many years the post of laundry woman to the family, and was here as maid of all work in her fiftieth year, accompanied, nevertheless, by her husband, quondam gardener, but now miscellaneous man, Abner Wilks, the same strong fellow who was just now tumbling so precipitously out of the wagon.

Thus you have the whole group, and let me tell you such a group as you do not light upon every day in the Australian bush. If you had been told that this was the governor and his family taking an excursion up the country, you would have said—"Just so, I see it; it can be nobody else;" for neither squatter, merchant, commissioner, or digger, carry about with them that unassuming prestige of rank and station. Gentlemen you would find amongst these classes, real gentlemen and many, and amongst commissioners a great deal of pretence, and a morbid love of gold lace and parade, dreadfully demonstrative of the parvenue. But in this family you saw no pretence, you felt that there was the reality, and only wondered what had brought them there. Listen, and I will drop a word or two into your ear.

Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick was heir to a noble property in the northern and midland counties of England. Like many another country gentleman he had his tastes for horses, racing and sporting in various ways. His property became embarrassed, and when he was in difficulty up started a kind cousin Sir Patrick Fitzpatrick, and laid claim to the estate. Astonishing as was the fact, totally till that moment undreamt of, yet Sir Patrick commenced a suit for the recovery of the hereditary family estates, and won it. What was most strange of all too, he won it by proving to the satisfaction of the jury at least, that Sir Thomas was illegitimate. Illegitimate! Why, nobody had ever thought of such a thing!—However, oddly enough, when Sir Patrick asserted and proved by the evidence of letters and an old servant of the family long ago dismissed by Sir Thomas's father, that Sir Thomas's father and mother never were married, Sir Thomas found himself totally unable to prove the marriage. It had been a hasty one contracted abroad, at Florence, unknown to the relatives of the family on either side, at the ambassador's. But the ambassador had been long dead, and being a bachelor at the time this took place, his family could procure no record of such a transaction. The Chaplain too had gone afterwards to India, and no inquiries could trace him beyond a certain point.

Here was a dilemma! No certificate of her marriage could be found amongst the papers of Sir Thomas's mother, nor amongst his father's; yet during their lives, and for years afterwards, not a doubt had ever been whispered by any party of the *bona-fide* marriage of these most respected and honorable people. What had put Sir Patrick on this scent? How had he stumbled at last once on such a discovery? for such it must have been, and a late one, as he would not have suffered Sir Thomas to enjoy the estates for a single day—he was not that man. But he asserted his claims, and he made them good, ay again and again. Sir Thomas, for want of further means, had been obliged to yield to his adversary, and retire from the field. His lot was such as is common on all such occasions; he found not a single friend to stand by him. On the contrary, he saw all his own numerous clan of friends, so-called, and acquaintances who had feasted and fluttered round him, suddenly flock, over to the enemy, and feast and flutter round him, in the very same hall and rooms; the very same worthy people who had at first expressed their unbounded astonishment at the audacity of Sir Peter setting up so burlesque a claim were in the same sympathizing zeal, expressing their equally unbounded astonishment at the rascality of the *pretended* Sir Thomas so long coolly keeping Sir Patrick out of his own.

Yes, there was one friend who stuck by them, and that was Aunt Judith. But then, Aunt Judith, Sir Thomas's sister, was included in the same category and branded with the same stigma. Poor Aunt Judith who generally was good humor itself, had been violently indignant at the aspersion on her mother, and on her brother and his family, but as to her mother's marriage, she said they might just as well tell her that Durham Cathedral was a pickled onion as that her mother was not married. Why, she had heard her mother talk of the marriage a hundred times; and all the hurry and fright and strange accompaniments of it. And how they had lived in a little cottage at Capri, and then at Naples, and of their climbing Vesuvius, and of their happy but uneasy life till they had news and full forgiveness from England. Not married indeed! If ever there was a pure-hearted and happy minded woman, as far as her own position went, it was her revered mother. No cloud, no obscurity, no mystery ever lowered for a moment over her name, or her angelic brow. She was the soul of piety and domestic love.

Luckily for Aunt Judith and for Sir Thomas, the virtuous and triumphant Sir Patrick could not touch her property, and it was handsome; it had not come by inheritance but had been bequeathed. With this she had supported Sir Thomas in his struggles against the new claimant as much as she could without leaving the family without resources; and to withdraw them all for a time from the scene of defeat and mortification, she had proposed to spend a few years in Australia, where with her sufficient remaining means, they could secure a station, and live a new life till things took a turn.

"And they will take a turn," Aunt Judith contended most undauntedly. "The whole thing," she protested, "is a hoax, a lie, a villainy.—That wretch of a lady's maid, must by some means have got hold of her mother's marriage certificate, and carried it off to make a trade of, but as to the letters produced on the trials, they were forgeries, infamous, diabolical, detestable forgeries. Ah, well!" she would add, "wait awhile, wait awhile, we shall see. These things don't go on forever. There is a righteous God yet, and he'll find them out. That fiend of a maid, one of these days will most likely be terrified at the approach of death, or something of the kind, for a bad conscience is worse than a bad cancer, and when it gives an awful twinge some day, the wretch will cry out unawares. Yes, mark me, that will be it. Does she think God can't find her poor shallow trick out? Poor, foolish thing! as if she could cheat the Almighty! Only wait, all will be right."

We shall only here say further, that these strange circumstances had not passed over the present party without extreme and violent suffering. Sir Thomas's hair had grown very gray, and the stamp of fierce alternations of passion and unlooked-for affliction had left their traces on his fine countenance in a frequently clouded and often dejected expression, though he at times now again wore his former cheerful and even sportive manner; for he had always been of a frank and mirthful, though unfortunately ardent and headstrong temperament. Lady Fitzpatrick had suffered severely in health and spirit, but now she was much restored by the pleasant affection and indefatigable endeavors of all around her to contribute to her consolation. As for Aunt Judith, if she could be satisfied for her dear relatives, she could be as perfectly happy here as at home in their most prosperous days. Her life was centred in the lives of these her dearly beloved relatives; their happiness was so completely hers, that she had refused all offers of marriage, as wanting nothing more than her independence and their society.—The children seemed quite as much her children as anybody's, and everything pleasant in the family seemed especially hers. Lady Fitzpatrick was not merely her sister-in-law, but her very dearest friend, who relied on her judgment more than on all the female world besides. And then she had such a love of the country, of trees, of plants, flowers, birds, insects—all sorts of living things, that to be wandering here through these boundless forests, and seeing and hearing something new continually, were to her a perfect dream of delight. She entered into all the spirit of this vagabond life, and helped to cook, and make beds, and do a hundred things that, from their novelty, and from the utter impossibility of their ever doing them at home, produced a constant succession of fun and laughter which made her almost, and sometimes altogether, forget the past and its troubles.

And so I think that is enough of knowledge of our travellers for the present, except that they had resolved to drop all title while in this colony. "I will be no pretender," said Sir Thomas; "if I cannot win my old title I will not wear it." Therefore they were plain Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and no more, except in the eyes and mouths of Abner and Peggy Wilks, who continued to treat them with the same marked deference, and to blunder out continually their old titles.

They had been now several days on their journey to their station, and found it quite delightful. Out of the tilted wagon came speedily a variety of articles and apparatus for the evening meal, and the night's accommodation. First a tent which Charles Fitzpatrick and his father soon had erected, while Abner unharnessed the horses, and turned them out, hanging the harness on the wagon-pole, and throwing over it a rug to defend it from the night dew. Then came out four pointed stakes and a board, and the four pointed stakes being driven firmly into the ground, and the board laid upon them, behold the supper table.

That done, there was Georgina, or, as she was more commonly called, Geordy, with a fine white table-cloth to spread over it, while Aunt Judith was exploring a basket for the necessary cups, saucers and plates.

"La!" exclaimed Aunt Judith, holding up sundry fragments of crockery, "another smash, I do declare! It is all through those dreadful gullies; they are enough to break anything. I am sure I think they have broken my back a dozen times to-day. Why didn't they make bridges, I wonder?"

"For the same reason, I suppose," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that they don't make earthenware hereabout, or we might buy some. That is, because there is nobody to make them."

"They would not be a very good investment, just yet, I expect," said Georgina.

"They would be quite as profitable," said Aunt Judith, pulling out a cream-jug without a handle and with only half a spout, and saying parenthetically, "Lord bless us, another! They would be quite as profitable as that investment of jolts on my backbone that I've got. But good-ness! what's that?" turning suddenly at a great rushing and pothering at the fire.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Georgina, "it is the kettle boiling over. Peggy! Peggy! bring the tea!"

Thereupon Peggy, looking very heated, appeared from the tent, and diving into a box of sundries by the wagon, approached with a packet of tea.

"You look hot, Peggy," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"Hot, my lady—yes, ma'am, I mean—its these flies, drat'em, they're at me just as they've bin ever since I set foot on this fly-blown country. It's no Christian country; anybody may see that. Why don't they christen it, my lady, ma'am—if they'd only christen the country, and drive the flies in the Red Sea, it would be a blessing. I hit them and hit them, and it's of no use; I only hit my own nose and mouth; and as for Abner, he has got all the skin burnt off his nose, with wearing that silly bit of a cap, instead of a good rational hat; but he says he doesn't like to do that, because it's making himself oven with Sir,—that is, with master, and Mr. Charles."

"Oh, by all means let him wear a hat, if he have one," said all the ladies together.

"Thank you my—ladies," said Peggy, "it will be a comfort; as for me, I have got one fly down my throat, and two up my nose, and one acshually into one of my ears, and it's going boo-woo-woo, just like a mill-wheel contindgally, the mischief on it!"

"Poor Peggy!" said Aunt Judith, "if it is not out after tea, we'll try to drown it by pouring some water into the ear. But see, tea is ready. Pray call the gentlemen."

The gentlemen meantime had been very busy carrying beds and bed-cloths into the tent, which was the sleeping apartment of the ladies and Peggy, while Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles had mattresses laid in the wagon, and Abner one spread under it, where the dogs took up their quarters near him.

All now was arranged, and on the tea-table appeared a substantial meal of cold parrot-pie and various cakes—the pie being at present at a station where they dined that day—and Peggy was at the same time busy over a panful of energetically frizzling and crackling beef steaks, and Abner coming from the lake with some of the coolest water he could procure by dipping with a weighted dipper into its deepest and shadiest part, to put the butter into, which manifested a strong tendency to run to oil. The tea-table was surrounded by a number of folding chairs, which our party now took possession of, and the table, with its snowy cloth, its neat apparatus and rich provision, surrounded by the travellers, presented in that pleasant wilderness a very unique and cheerful spectacle.

As they sate at their tea-supper our travellers looked about and expressed to each other their enjoyment of the scene. Two laughing jackasses came and settling on a tree near them, face to face, and raising their heads as high as they could, laughed in each other's faces in the most obstreperous fit of chuckling, rattling, boo-hoo-hooing laughter imaginable. You would have said that they had just seen something most prodigiously ludicrous, but it was merely their way of saying good-night to each other, for they were about to go to roost, as they saw the sun was setting. Then flew past a number of those black-and-white dove-like birds called magpie larks, crying "chain, chain!" and the next moment Aunt Judith cried out, "Oh, look! look! what a beauty!" and all eyes following, saw a little bird with a most glowing scarlet breast, and brilliant blue back, sitting on the pole of the carriage. It was the Australian Robin, which, much more magnificent than ours, yet has all the same quiet manner, and love of haunting human neighborhood.

A far more striking spectacle, however, drew the eyes of the party another way. On their left hand a grand looking wild bull, advanced through the forest at the head of a noble herd of cattle, and, arrested by the sight of the party and their fire, the stupendous fellow stood and surveyed them for some minutes with a solemn look, as questioning whether they meant any mischief to himself or company, and then stalked calmly on followed by the whole herd.

"How grand!" exclaimed Aunt Judith, "don't the proud creatures seem to enjoy themselves in these wilds. They clearly feel their natural rights and independence here. They are the sovereigns of the wilderness, and we are only intruders."

"And by-the-bye," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, starting up, "let us intrude, Charles, on the wild fowl in the lake here, before it is dark."

They snatched up their guns, taking each a side of the little lake. Bounce, the great Newfoundland dog, and Club, the little tawny bull-terrier, were speedily swimming eagerly in the water; and, disappearing amongst the flags and reeds, at once there were sundry startled quackings of wild ducks, and up rose a cloud of them with a thundering noise of wings. Charles and his father knocked down about half a dozen of them, with each a single shot, and waited for fresh appearances. They did not wait long; two or three blue herons, and what was more attracting, a flock of large wild geese rose from the reeds, and two of them were brought down. While the gentlemen reloaded, Abner Wilks encouraged the dogs to bring out the fallen game, pointing in the right directions, and, ever and anon, throwing a stick to where there lay some of the dead birds. When these were secured, they set the dogs to explore the reeds afresh, but no further fowl arose, but a wounded duck was driven out, and continued for some time to dive and scuffle about, till a shot finished it, and little Club brought it to land.

Here was rich provision for to-morrow's larder, and the company now all betook themselves to their several beds, for it was growing rapidly dark, and they must be stirring with the earliest dawn.

With that dawn the travellers were all on foot. Abner had hunted up the horses, and Peggy was busy frying a couple of wild ducks, already cut to pieces, for there was no time to cook them whole, and soon the breakfast-table was covered with ample provision of tea, coffee, and cakes, and bread from their stores. The horses came up and looked on as expectingly as the dogs, and Mr. Fitzpatrick carved up a good large loaf and gave them each repeated slices, while Bounce and Club were as bountifully supplied with bones and morsels from the table. Breakfast over, amidst abundance of pleasant chat, the tent was struck, the table and beds packed in the wagon, the horses put into harness and saddle, and the ground being carefully hunted over to see that nothing was left, the party once more set forward.

The day soon grew very warm, but the journey through the woods was delightful. Charles and Georgina rode on in advance, still, however, keeping generally within sight, and the party in the wagon came on as the ground permitted them. Sometimes they rode for miles through the woods, the ground being level, and a simple track of wheels being their guide. All around them the earth was strewn with huge fallen trees and dead branches, and masses of the ever-green gum-tree leaves, dried on their boughs in their greenness, ready kindling matter for the traveller's fire. Sometimes they passed over very sterile ground, where yet grew vast trees, and under their shade various acacias, some in bloom and some gone out, and often the golden wattle, showing its last golden flowers, with lumps of transparent gum-arabic sticking on its crimson branches. Sometimes their way led them over dry, stony hills, where the whole ground seemed formerly to have been on fire, and still retained a red hue, the stones grinding up under the wheels with the appearance of brick dust. On these barren ranges the lofty iron-bark trees, with their great black boles deeply indented with furrows, gave a peculiar character to the scene. Then they travelled along green valleys with beautiful slopes on each side, thinly sprinkled with trees, and offering abundant grass to their horses. Up many a hill, and through many miles of forest the travellers descended and walked, ever and anon attracted by some new and beautiful flower, by this singular grass-tree, with its tall, flowering rod, or by the volumes of golden mistletoes, which hung from the trees, resembling at a distance tawny lions' skins. The gay throngs of parrots and paroquets, the snowy flocks of white cockatoos, the rush and chatter of vast crowds of black magpies, or the quaint notes of the lesser birds, conspicuous above them all being the dull mimicries of the leatherheads, kept them continually amused.

In the afternoon they came suddenly out upon a great plain, and its appearance called forth instant exclamations of delight and astonishment from the ladies. The plain was many miles in length, and three or four miles across, but the whole surface of it was one blaze of gold. It was like a billowy sea of gold as the breeze rolled over the splendid flowers of which it was composed, and sent towards the travellers a rich fragrance. All round the aureate plain was hemmed in by the dark forests, and over them, in various directions, showed airily the blue summits of distant mountains.

"We thought you would be rather surprised here," said Mr. Fitzpatrick and Charles, who had themselves been up to the station, and, indeed, the amazement and delight were unbounded.

They all descended, both from the carriage and from their horses, and ran into the prodigal flower ocean. The scene was in truth remarkable. The flowers, consisting principally of two kinds, a fine, large and fragrant hawkweed, and a plant which sent up a dozen or more clear, straw-like stems a yard high from each root, on the summit of each of which was a solid globe of vegetable gold of an inch or more in diameter. Interspersed amongst these were large purple vetches or Swainsonias, of a most delicious vanilla scent, and various kinds of white and yellow everlastings. The whole were planted by nature in raised beds of loamy earth, kept as clean from other plants or grass by the same wonderful power, as if it had been done by an army of gardeners; and between the innumerable beds were walks of solid turf, but half-hidden by the luxuriant billows of the golden efflorescence.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed the ladies, who walked enraptured about in this glorious garden of nature up to their very waists in the fragrant sea, and gathering handfuls of the superb blossoms, as if they could never have enough.

"But you do not see the grand thing after all," said Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"What is that?" asked the ladies. "What can be more enchanting than this scene?"

Mr. Fitzpatrick pointed, with a face full of significant pleasure, to a hill on the opposite side of the plain, and said,

"Tallengetta!"

"Tallengetta!" exclaimed the ladies, in one breath, and in their liveliest tone; and they stood in silent delight, as riveted to the spot. The scene, indeed, was well calculated to call forth their admiration. They beheld a range of bold hills, bold in attitude, but soft and delicate in their outlines. They were covered with grass, and dotted over with trees of a peculiar character, the Casuarinas, or Shiocks, part of which, with their rigid and outstretched branches, resemble pine trees, and others, with theirs drooping gracefully, resembling large trees of broom. None of the ordinary gum-trees grew on the slopes of the hill, but their thick masses were seen here and there peeping over the summits. Stony crags shot up here and there on these summits, varying the softness of the scene, and to the right swelled up a more lofty hill, the upper parts of which were already scorched by the sun to the pale hue of sea grass. Half-way up this hill stood a white house, consisting of two ranges of building, united by a colonnade, and around it extended a considerable space of gardens and vineyard enclosed in a ring fence.

"That is Tallengetta! That is the Squatter's Home!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick, evidently delighted with it himself, and seeming at the moment to forget his own once far nobler homes at the foot of the Cheviots, and by the transparent Forth.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" again ejaculated the ladies, but in a softer tone, and with tears in their eyes.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "for such a home in such a place!"

"Yes, thank God, indeed!" said Aunt Judith, "and you, too, my dear brother, and you, my dear Charley, for having chosen such an one.—But where is the lake?"

"There!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, turning, and pointing in a direction opposite to the house, and there, at some miles' distance, they saw the waters glittering in the sun, over the golden wilderness, and a row of dark trees seeming to grow in the water as mangroves in the sea.

"Let us mount and get on," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "for you will see from the house not only the whole of the lake, but all this wonderful panorama of golden prairie, boundless breadth of surrounding forests, and mountain summits in the distance."

The whole party were in haste to proceed, their eyes still fixed, however, on the opposite hills, which they perused feature by feature, with all their hollows and projections, their dark gum-trees, and sprinklings of cattle and flocks. Still more did they gaze on that home which was to be the scene of their pains and pleasures for years to come. But they had not proceeded far when they caught sight of a long train of loaded drags drawn by teams of many bullocks.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick, with an air of indignant vexation, "those lazy bullock-drivers have not yet reached the station. A whole fortnight have they been in making a hundred miles, at this time of the year, and the roads so good!"

All heads were stretched from the wagon, and eyes directed from horseback, and there indeed they saw six great drags loaded with their furniture, effects and stores! These they had confidently expected had arrived some days ago, and been unpacked. But as they approached the train, they began to see cause for the slow progress.—Here were these heavily laden wagons moving, or attempting to move, over the deep, volcanic ground. The wheels sunk almost to the axles, and ploughed up the earth as they went, in wondrous furrows. Most of the drags appeared to be stuck fast, defying all the efforts of the cattle to move them, though there were from eight to twelve huge bullocks to every drag—defying them, and all the swearing and bawling and hallooing of the drivers, which amounted to a most Pandemonian din. The only way of making any progress, was by uniting two or three teams, and tearing along by main force for a short distance. Wagon after wagon was brought forward in like manner, and so on in succession. Thus were the men progressing at a tortoise pace, and with a most astonishing labor. As the party drew near, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was prepared to be very angry, became cooler and cooler, the more he saw. He merely remarked, stopping a moment, that he hoped to have seen them on their return.

"Return!" said the fellow with true Australian bluntness, "return! but it isn't, hopes as drags bullock-drags over ground like this. It's next to more nor bullocks can do, let alone hopes. Dy'e hear that, mates? The gentleman talk of hopes dragging these cursed loads of goods through these here bloody bogs. Why, if we had much more of this we should never be there these next hundred years. But, thank goodness! there is but little more; but there's the hill, and so we must camp at the foot to-night."

Mr. Fitzpatrick drove on, and soon they wound up the hill.

"Not a soul is to look round," he said, "till we are at the house, and you will see the whole scene at once."

Charles and Georgina hastened on, and when they arrived, they were on the terrace in front of the house to receive them, accompanied by two or three men and a maid-servant. One of the men was the overseer, and another the cook. When the ladies got out of the carriage they were more than ever enraptured with the view. Below, at some distance in front, lay the lake several miles in extent every way, surrounded by green, mound-like swells, and then by wide, golden-flowered prairies. There were very few trees near the lake, except a row on the near margin, growing as they had seemed at a distance to grow, in the water, showing that they had sprung there when the lake was less full of water than at present, and probably marking the course of a stream which issued at the right-hand near corner of the lake, and ran down the valley in a broad, shallow expanse, amongst trees and shrubs. All round showed the vast forests, and the distant mountain ranges.

The house itself looked more akin to the bush than it did at a distance. There it had a commanding aspect. Here it showed rather home-like than grand. It was white, with stuccoed walls and shingled roofs. The two oblong square blocks of which it consisted, were connected in front, as we have said, by a colonnade, but the pillars on which this rested, were merely of white gum-trees, cut just when they had shed their outer bark, and therefore, were as round and clean and white as marble. The roof of the colonnade was also of shingles, and the whole pile, therefore, was rustic, though ample and comfortable. The buildings, with their colonnade, enclosed a court, which at the back was terminated by a lower range of buildings forming the kitchen and servants' apartment. There was a small quantity of furniture still in the house, which was intended to supply the various huts which stood with other huts of stockmen, etc., below, near the lake; and it was only by contrivance that the family could manage to get tea and pass the night. But their goods were at hand, and with the chairs and mattresses which they had brought with them, they might have been far worse off for the first night in the bush.

The house faced the south-west, and as they sat in a large room at their evening meal, they saw the lake lying with its unruffled but now sombre surface, beneath them, and the sun, huge and red, descend upon the misty ridge of distant mountains, giving a feeling of wonderful solitude to the scene. A deep silence fell over the whole party. It seemed as if the spectacle, sublime as it was, of the ensanguined luminary disappearing over all that world of lonely woods, had brought with it a sense of their real distance from their past life and haunts. As if it called up the memories of those things, brilliant, and dear, and sorrowful, between which and themselves a world had interposed itself, and made them feel, as it were for the first time in its full extent, their vast sacrifices and their utter isolation.

With a deep sigh each arose, and withdrew for the night, fearing to tell his fellow the sadness

of c' ... as he could command into the wished—good-night.

CHAPTER II.

SETTLING DOWN.

Our friends at Tallengetta rose early in the morning refreshed and full of new spirits. The sadness of the previous evening was gone with it, and the beauty of the place in which they found themselves, inspired them with lively thankfulness for so sweet a home in so fair a scene. The sun, as they almost simultaneously leaned from their rooms, had not yet risen over the eastern shoulder of the hill on whose slope their house stood. The trees around, as the Scotch would call them, lay in shadow, and sprinkled with cool dews. But far away they could see the tops of the mountains bright with the sunshine, and the wide woodlands illuminated like a sea by it. The lake below lay partly in shadow and partly in dazzling radiance, and the smoke was curling up grayly from the huts of the stockyard, or village, as it might be termed, at the right-hand corner of the lake. They could see two or three large flocks proceeding in different directions from it, appearing to roll over the plain like a white mist, followed by the shepherds and accompanied by their dogs, whose gladsome barking reached them clearly. Large flocks of wild fowl were travelling towards the lake from their different nocturnal feeding places, and, over and anon, they could see the flash of the water as they dashed down into it. Below, to the right, extended that magnificent prairie, whose golden-hued surface was sobered down by the absence of the sun, and around stood the primeval forest, dark and solemn.

From this splendid prospect the delighted group turned to take a more near survey of their dwelling. A sort of natural terrace had been seized upon for the site of the house. In front, this had left ample space for walking, and this was occupied by grass, and the outskirts of it with beds of mingled shrubs and flowers. The hill then descended at its regular declination, and a considerable piece of ground was enclosed as a vineyard by a hedge of cyptipus, looking most agreeable to the eye with its light green foliage and yellow racemes of flowers. The vineyard was descended by a sort of broad steps three or four feet wide each, and turfed, and the vines occupied terraces all neatly staked and trimmed as by a French or German vinedresser. At the bottom was a broad grass walk, at each end of which was placed a bench overshadowed by the silvery gray foliage of quince trees richly hung with young fruit.

As the party returned towards the house, they were again struck by the fitness of the building, which, while it was capacious and handsome, certainly was Australian and not English. It was but one story, yet tolerably high, and the east rooms had broad, bay windows, as if to catch every possible portion of the noble view they commanded. That open colonnade, with its shingled roof and deep eaves, and its clear, straight, and beautifully cylindric stems, white and smooth as marble, stood out well against the court lying deep in shadow. An archway at the back of the court led them into a sort of back court, or yard, having on each side sheds, under which horses and carriages could stand occasionally, though the true place for such things was down at the huts. Separated by a light palisade from this yard, appeared a young orchard, extending some distance up the hill, in which not only many kinds of European apples, pears and plums were flourishing, but peaches, nectarines and apricots, as standard trees showed the most vigorous growth, and were amazingly hung with green

"The flow of merrie Judith, "is a promise, indeed, of autumn. Why, what preserving there will be! I only hope the sugar won't fail."

"Well, I hope not," said Mr. Fitzpatrick; "I think there is a ton coming just now, and perhaps that may serve your conservatory passion, Judy."

"Well perhaps it may," said Aunt Judith, "but really, if we eat, and preserve, and bake, and do all sorts of things with these peaches and apricots, I don't see the end of them, except we do as the Americans, feed the pigs on them. But Demby and Gremby, you'll help us all you can, won't you?"

Demby and Gremby promised most merrily, and it may be as well to let the reader know that the personages thus addressed, were no other than Charles and Georgina. Our friends were a family who in their familiar intercourse just amongst each other, were greatly given to dubbing one another with nicknames; and not an individual amongst them, but had one. Aunt Judith was very naturally called Judy, and as Mrs. Fitzpatrick and she were almost inseparable, they were soon named Punch and Judy; and Aunt Judy being pestered by the two children for some of her preserves and marmalades, told them that they were as bad as Demby and Gremby, two very troublesome people of their acquaintance, and Demby and Gremby were voted by acclamation as their pet names. These wanted but a by-name for the paterfamilias, and that soon was Nimrod from his hunting habits, and cut down by degrees to Nim.

"Oh! mercy on us! what have we here," shrieked Aunt Judith; and at the same time came half galloping, half flying, two stupendous birds, whose heads, set on long necks, seemed quite as high as Aunt Judith's, and opening enormous long beaks, and making the most uncouth cries came rushing upon them, spreading and flapping their wings with an expansion enough to enclose the whole party.

"Ha! ha! my old fellows; ha! ha! Gog and Magog!" said Charles, catching the gigantic birds each by the neck, and rubbing their long beaks together; "ha! ha! old fellows! why, Judy, these are the native's companions, I told you of. They wont hurt you. They are as gentle and good as Desdemona herself. They only want to make your acquaintance."

The ladies had shrunk together in alarm at this sudden onset—but they now recovered their composure, and admired the noble birds. They were of the crane species, with bodies in which black, azure and gray prevailed, and in the back part of their heads they had a bright crimson patch like a cap. They followed the party with their long, active legs, and every now and then made a leap and a flap with their huge wings as in delight. You might see that they would soon be great favorites, especially with Aunt Judith.

There was now a call to breakfast, and the birds followed them, and took their stations under the breakfast room window, where, evidently, they had been fed.

"Oh! let me have some bread; I must feed the brave Gog and Magog," said Aunt Judith; but on opening the window, she started in amazement. "Ha! what is that! Those are not the birds!"

Instead of the long-beaked companions, there stood two still larger creatures with small heads, and broad backs clothed with dark lustrous feathers. Charles burst into hearty laughter at Aunt Judith's wonder, for as Aunt Judith entered the house, he had enticed Gog and Magog into the hall and shut them in, while he ran and lured these superb creatures with a piece of bread from the other side of the house.

"Oh! beautiful, beautiful things!" exclaimed Georgina, "why, they are ostriches!"

"Emus, Geordy, emus, Australian cassiowaries," said Charles; "are they not glorious fellows!"

The whole party were in raptures with the possession of these grand fowls of the Australian wilderness, and showered a plentiful supply of bread for them.

"If the companions are Gog and Magog," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "pray what are these?"

"Oh, these are Brob and Naga, that is, Brobdignag and Brobdignaga," said Charles, "but you will find them always about—so now let us have some breakfast."

At breakfast Charles told the ladies that they must make a visit with him down to the huts, where they would see a plentiful family of fowls, ducks, geese, turkies, and pea-fowls. He wanted to show them the huts and their inhabitants; Purdy, the hut-keeper, and Barks, the drayman, and their wives, and the great wool-shed, and the kitchen garden, down by the creek; and a near view of the lake, with all its wild ducks, geese, teal, widgeon, ibises, shags and black swans."

"Black swans!"

"Yes, black swans, plenty of them—and on the plains, wild turkies in abundance." Charles was running on in delight about all the game, kangaroos in the hills, and wombats and a world of birds, when a thundering succession of cracking whips and shouting men announced that the drays had mounted the hills, and the goods were arrived. Out rushed the whole party, and breakfast was left unfinished.

We may imagine the trouble and the pleasure of many days to come, the unloading and unpacking of the furniture. There was soon a perfect confusion on the terrace of men and pieces of furniture, and mats, and cords, and straw which had enveloped them of great chests of linen and books, and china, and all sorts of things. Then there was a great unrolling and laying down of carpets, and carrying of furniture, and admiring it piece after piece, as each took its place. The room in which they had breakfasted was fitted up, half as library, half as drawing-room, and a corresponding room in the other wing as the principal drawing-room, so that they could use each as it was coolest from the absence of the morning or evening sun upon it. Behind the library lay the dining-room, with a cross passage between them opening out into a broad veranda on the east side of the house, affording a pleasant shade from many hours of forenoon sun. Under the shingle roof of this veranda were clustered scores of nests of swallows, stuck compactly, side by side, and each having a projecting circular entrance like the neck of a bottle. Aunt Judith contemplated this populous swallow city with vast delight, especially as she could watch their proceedings from the library window, though they soon found out that she was no enemy to them, and came dying in and out just as freely when she sate in the veranda.

But we must not stay talking about swallows while all the furniture has to be got in. In the west wing, but backward in the court was a large store-room into which the numerous packages and bags and tubs of stores were carried, to be arranged at leisure. All the best rooms were on the ground floor, as there was no other floor, and, therefore, after all, there was not too much room in the house for the family and occasional visitors. But there was a large room adjoining the store-room which after experience induced them to call the barracks. It was fitted up as a smoking-room, and there was arranged all the guns and apparatus of the chase, including pistols, rifles, revolvers, bullet-moulds, wad-cutters and all sorts of implements for cleaning and rectifying these arms, as well as a good supply of ammunition under lock and key. This room, however, as no long time demonstrated, was required as a general sleeping-room for gentlemen visitors, who could not be accommodated with separate apartments, and here at any time, a whole array of folding iron bedsteads with mattrasses and the requisite bedclothes could be carried in at shortest notice.

In a few days the house at Tallengetta displayed an internal beauty and richness, if not splendor, which certainly no squatting station in the colony could at all approach. Handsome cabinets and wardrobes, tasteful chairs and tables, cheval and pier-glasses, a superb collection of books, no inconsiderable number of fine engravings, and a few excellent though small pictures on the walls, with all sorts of drawing-room and other town embellishments, curtains and sofas, presented a scene which would have been termed elegant in a country residence in England, and certainly stood *sui generis* in the Australian bush.

Any one seeing the completeness of this house internally, and the grandeur of the scene without, the resources for sport through wood and plain, river and lake, and the almost boundless nature of the estate, stocked with sheep, cattle and horses, would have found it difficult to conceive that any man of healthy tastes could desire anything more, or regret anything different. But the Fitzpatricks had in their own bosoms cruel remembrances, and the consciousness of rude wrenching deprivations of property and environments, became to them part and parcel of their existence. Yet even they, when they looked round them, could not but feel a sensible pleasure and pride in their present abode and estate, and a new spirit of enjoyment evidently took possession of them.

Abner and Peggy Wilks were located down at the huts. Abner was to resume his old employment as gardener, and Peggy hers as laundress. They had a comfortable slab hut in the garden which was ample, and abounding with growing crops of all kinds of vegetables, pumpkins in numerous variety, melons, and water-melons, with abundance of fig and medlar and quince trees, cherries, isquots, quandangs, gooseberry, strawberry and raspberry, which any garden could show, including sundry productions which Abner surveyed with wondering queries in his own mind what they could be intended for. Purdy, the hut-keeper, and Barks the drayman, especially the latter, whose bullock driving services were only now and then required, were to help Abner in digging and hoeing when necessary; and their wives were to equally assist Peggy in her laundry labors. There was an excellent and spacious wooden laundry put outside the garden, and capital drying ground. The water of the lake was of that soft quality that the washing was done with singular ease, and the sun there made still more expeditious work with the drying.

A grand discovery that the Wilkses, the Purdys and the Barkses were all from the neighboring counties of Derby and Nottingham, in which latter shire the Fitzpatricks had had an ... thies, and a common zeal in serving their employers, there a too rare circumstance.

The settling down in the house being completed, one morning after breakfast, the whole family set out down to the huts for a regular survey of this wooden hamlet. It was a curious looking place to eyes new to the colony. A good half-dozen of wooden huts roofed in with large sheets of stringy bark, and some of these roofs secured by stout poles lashed down upon them, stood, here and there, in most independent defiance of plan. Each of these had a broad, low chimney tapering considerably upwards, and from several of which rose actively aspiring smoke. Small windows peeped out of them, generally two, like two little eyes out of a heavy head. Besides these huts there were wooden erections of greater extent which turned out to be stables and cowsheds, and one very large building evidently erected with more care, and with much greater symmetry, though only consisting of one immense quadrangle. Its walls, however, were of clap boards, so as to prevent the entrance of driving rain, and its roof of compact shingles.—This was the wool-shed, a most important item on the buildings of a squatting station. Here was a palisadoed enclosure into which the sheep were driven at shearing time, or at any other time to examine and dress them for foot-rot or scab. There was a capacious apartment at the end opening with this enclosure, where the shearers' clipped the sheep, and then the large wool-shed or warehouse itself in which the wool was pressed with huge canvas bags by a hydraulic press, and piled up till conveyed away down to Melbourne for shipment.

The whole of this building was floored with short planks raised on sleepers, and with sufficient insterstices to admit plenty of air, and the space under this floor was a grand retreat of wild cats, as Club very soon discovered, growing outrageous to be at them. Whenever Charles was desirous of a good wild cat hunt he had only to bring Club, and one of the men to help take up a plank, here and there, and instantly there was a wild rush of the spotted and bushy-tailed creatures from all sides of the building. But that was in after days. At present the party was too much interested in their visit to the huts. They found them very simple affairs, with mud floors and huge wide fire-places, the most rudimental chairs and tables, and just an extra room for sleeping in. There was Jack Barks, a tall powerful fellow in a pair of linen trowsers of a stupendously large check pattern, and long hair hanging from beneath his cabbage-tree hat; and Sam Purdy, the hut-keeper, who prepared the meals of the shepherds that brought their flocks nightly to the head station. Sam was a brown complexioned fellow with a treble voice, and a twinkle in his eye, which bespoke no little humor and love of fun, while Barks had the air of a bold off-hand fellow who would mightily love an adventure.—Their wives were surrounded by troops of young colonists.

The exploring party next paid Mr. David Rannock a visit, whose hut was of a more capacious size, for it was the inn or hospitium of the neighborhood. There every one on his journey came and took up his quarters, as freely as if he paid for all he had. There were no inns in the bush, and all gave and took the fullest hospitality as a natural right. Mr. David Rannock, the keeper, was a grave, middle-aged Scotchman, unmarried and devoted to business. He was not there, for he was constantly riding from one shepherd's hut to another in the outlying parts of the station. But there was the cook, David O'Faggoty, a queer sort of Irishman, and a great number of shepherd-dogs, and tribes of fowls, and clouds of pigeons, betokening abundance.

But what called forth more admiration than almost anything else, was a pair of magnificent Kangaroo dogs; that is, Highland stag-hounds, naturalized in this colony, and invaluable for the chase of the Kangaroo. The gentlemen promised themselves many a gallop after these superb creatures, these gigantic greyhounds, through the woods.

From the huts they took their way to the paddocks, where the corn was growing green, or where the milch kine were grazing, or where the hares ranged in proud freedom. Hundreds of these, indeed, were running wild on the estate, as fine creatures as ever carried tails. The paddocks brought them to the margin of the lake. From the smooth, downlike swells on its banks, they could look far over the plains, and see plainly on the short, smooth turf, at a great distance, numbers of the wild turkeys, which, however, are difficult to come near. Vast flocks of wild fowls, of different kinds, rose up from the surface of the lake and removed far away on the waters; and at a safe distance, here and there, the native black swans seemed to drift carelessly before the breeze, while the large, snowy pelicans flew along the reedy shores, with strange clanging sounds, and with a lustrous whiteness, in the bright sunshine.

A boat lay moored to the shore, tempting them to a sail, but they now turned backwards, and, crossing a light wooden foot-bridge over the stream, they ascended to the house. Such was the first survey of our settlers of the portion of their domains immediately under their eye, and we have dwelt the more minutely upon the description, because it is as well to have a full and clear view of them in their new home at the outset. From day to day they extended their researches with augmenting pleasure. Bush-life and its character began to assume a definite idea in their minds. At one time they took a leisurely stroll up the hill. There they saw, with increased amazement, the still vaster views, thence, of woods and distant mountains. On the open slopes they lingered with pleasure, examining the various flowers, or listening to the wind singing wildly in the long, wiry tops of the shiocks. On the hills themselves they found one unbroken forest, running in varied swells and valleys, but all solitary and woodland, where prostrate trees lay in various stages of decay; where the kangaroo-rat and the bandicoot rushed away from beneath some fallen log or protecting thicket, and parrots and paroquets glanced and twittered in the tree-tops, or the noisy wattle-bird cried "karackarock."

At other times, Charles and Georgina, often accompanied by their father and the kangaroo-hounds, and the indefatigable Club, who would not be left behind, finding continual objects of chase in the woods, made long rides, exploring the bearings of the neighborhood; sometimes starting a grand boomah, or great red kangaroo, and dashing after the dogs till they would have been inevitably lost on the trackless waste, but for the sure instinct of their horses and hounds.

The whole family soon found that there was no lack of pleasant employment in this, as they feared, solitary place. They were yet utter strangers; they knew not a soul of their neighbors; there was no daily paper arriving by railroad mail, bringing every morning from London all the doings of the world. There were no neighboring towns or villages; the very hills and valleys had no names, for the most part. But ... dk, and their garden. There was always something for them to attend to, within or without. Barks and Purdy brought in two broods of young paroquets, the green lecks, and the lovely speckled bridgegores, which afforded Aunt Judith and Georgina especial pleasure to feed and watch in their large cages under the verandah. Seeing that this gave great pleasure, they soon also brought in two or three of the strange animals, half pig, half bear, in appearance, which live in huge burrows in the woods, the Wombats. These they placed within an enclosure in the orchard, where they soon made burrows to their hearts' content, and grew very tame: and not long after this, they added to their native menagerie a couple of uncouth animals, called sun-bears, which they placed in wooden cages or kennels on the branch of a great tree, and fed upon the leaves of the peppermint gum. All these things, with visits down to the huts, to the women and children there, and the fowls and garden, filled up wonderfully their time, and which, indeed, was not long left so free from human visits as they expected.

As for Charles and his father, they were enthusiastic sportsmen, and they found their men, Barks and Purdy, as eager as themselves in the chase, whenever they were at liberty to accompany them. The lake and the creek gave them the most exciting exercise in pursuit of the wild fowl, for, from the scarcity of cover, they were not approachable except by the nicest stratagem and caution. Sometimes they might be seen creeping on all fours, or progressing like serpents at their full length on the ground, by means of their hands, and behind some swell or bank, endeavoring to get a shot at their game; or they were cautiously drifting with the wind over Purrumbang, the lake, with a thicket of boughs concealing them in the boat, till they came fairly into the midst of the flock of ducks, geese, or black swans. At others they were stalking under cover of their horses' shoulders across the deep grass of the prairies, to get near the wild turkies, which were often wild indeed, and wonderfully cautious of the approach of man.

Charles delighted, too, in nothing more than in driving occasionally with the buoyant-hearted and talkative Jack Barks, on his weekly rounds to carry the rations to the different shepherds' huts. Some of these lay many miles distant in the unpeopled woods, and Barks had endless stories of bush-rangers and flocks, in past days, when they were hostile and made fierce attacks on the squatters and travellers. There were lonely creeks and pools, and forest solitudes, where there was extraordinary game, or extraordinary fish, or stupendous trees, or other wonders which he had to share, the fern-tree, the grass-tree, the fragrant myal-wood, or the guandong fruit. Their guns were constantly in requisition to fetch down a bronze-wing, or secure a platypus; and, as they lit their fire on the bank of some pleasant stream, and eat their dinner, or as they sate and chatted with the solitary shepherd in his hut, Charles felt a fast growing attachment to this species of fine, fresh and primitive existence. It is one which seizes forcibly on the imagination of youth, so forcibly that at no period and in no country have the hunter races been ever induced to abandon their limitless haunts for the more brilliant or more boasted attractions of towns. How much more fascinating must the free range of untrodden nature, the solemn wood, the airy mountain, the widely rolling lake, and the sounding shore, with all their living things, become to those who carry with them all the domestic and intellectual resources of civilized life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head-wind, he certainly would be a long time in making a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even the adverse gales should fill its bellying canvas and send it forward on its onward course.

☞ A DELICATE COMPLIMENT TO LAWYERS.—Mr. Huntington, the father of the "insane" prisoner on trial for forgery, in giving his testimony on Friday, said, "his son Charles was prone to take things that did not belong to him, had altered the family record, and would tell untruths—giving two different stories about the same fact without any motive for it. *Witness had designed to make him a lawyer.*"

☞ Owing to the scarcity in bullion, the principal French dealers in gold, who furnish the jewellers with their raw material, have suddenly refused to give any credit whatever. This measure has already compelled many small manufacturers to leave off work.

☞ ENCOURAGING TO DOCTORS.—M. Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative," states, that "in Egypt, in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society. Extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons who feigned to be sick, but who were only hungry, and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured."

☞ The following allusion to England appears in an article on Piedmont, in the "Gazette de France:" "Let us draw up the visor of this nation, and expose the trader who wanders about the globe disguised as a knight."

☞ Midas was so great a man, that everything he touched turned to gold—altered case now, touch a man with gold, and he will change into anything.

☞ A Paris paper says that a duel lately took place between a barrister and a merchant, in the Bois de Vincennes. On the day appointed, the rain fell in torrents. Nevertheless, being men of spirit, the two combatants took off their coats and fired twice at each other without hitting, when the matter was settled. In a fortnight afterward they both died of inflammation of the chest. This was satisfaction with a vengeance.

☞ In a French translation of Shakspeare, the passage—"Frailty! thy name is woman!" is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady!"

☞ "Ah, my dear fellow," said an old man once to a friend, "I am quite weak and broken down with age. I used to walk entirely around the park every day; but now I can only walk half way round and back again."

☞ WISDOM CONDENSED.—Adversities are blessings in disguise. We know a man who has lived six months on a sprained ankle. He belongs to half-a-dozen societies and draws four dollars a week from each. He once spent a whole summer at Saratoga on a sore throat.

☞ You see, cap'n, first my father died, and then my mother married agin, and then my mother died and my father married agin, and some how or other I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home nor no nothing."

☞ There is no difference between making a false impression and telling a downright falsehood: The intention in both is to deceive, and the guilt is the same, and each deserves the same punishment.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - $5,00 a year.
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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ELECTION RETURNS.—These will be found condensed in last week's paper.

A SUBSCRIBER asks some one of our correspondents who can speak from experience, what is the most effectual cure for blood or bone spavin in horses, and what the first symptoms of blood spavin are?

Respectfully declined: "My Husband;" "A Dew Drop;" "Home;" "The Home-bound Bark;" "Hagar;" "To a Stream;" "Sadness."

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet, the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE NEW YEAR.

The Old Year is out of office and the New Year is in! FIFTY-SEVEN smiles upon us from the pomp and pageant of the winter, and the annual cheerful glow again lights and warms our bosoms. No matter how bad the Old Year was to us—what wounds or scars he left on our souls—how sad our thoughts, or how moribund our hopes and dreams, we cannot but be bright and blithe, at this season when the happy and hilarious faces of our friends and acquaintances, lit with a newer radiance, are shining and glancing around us, and our hearts are ringing with the merry and cordial wishes which the New Year brings. Here is a time when we are made to feel that we have well-wishers and friends, and when we are conscious of being well-wishers and friends to more people than usual. The double consciousness is a fountain of pleasure. Here is a time when we can warm our hearts by especially wishing a Happy New Year to those well beloved people who made the Old Year happy to us. We do it with unction, as if aware that we have only one chance in three hundred and sixty-five days! Here is a time when all is joy, and regrets are far in the background. Our last sadness dates back now to the night we sat up to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in. Whatever pensive, or solemn, or sombre broodings loaded us then, we piled upon that last hour of the Old Year which rolled off, like a magic car, at the clang of the midnight bell, bearing its dark burden away, to be seen thenceforth, in the transfiguring and glorifying light of memory.

This pleasant custom of putting the first day of the New Year among our anniversaries, and making it a gala day of warm wishes and all kinds of heart cheer, we borrow from our good neighbors the Dutch. It was the old fashion in Holland before it found favor in Anglo-Saxon eyes. To our editorial vision it seems a beam from the brightness of the Good Time Coming. We like it, as we do Christmas, because it is educational, teaching us all in a quiet way, what we all most need to learn in any way, that we have a human relation, each of us, as human beings, to every body that wears the human form. The law that makes the atoms of the Universe respond sympathetically to each other's motions, is not more fixed than the human law which binds us all sympathetically to each other with the ties of a common humanity. But there are circumstances and qualities in and around us that tend to make us forget or ignore this law. We are prone to become wrapped up in our own merely selfish personal interests or pleasures. The best and brightest thing, then, about this custom of keeping the New Year, is that it lifts us, if but for a moment, out of the circle of our own immediate personal selfish pleasures and interests, and tends to put us in sympathy with the pleasures and interests of other people. Our uttered wishes for each others welfare at this time, seem to imply that we remember that we are social beings with social and humane sympathies, anxious and hoping (if only on New Year's Day,) for each other's happiness. If there is anything obviously sad about our observance of the good old Holland festival, it is that the cordial human feeling implied in our New Year greetings to each ... than of the heart—and that our deeds too often contradict the blithe and noble words we utter, showing that we are not so anxious and eager for each other's happiness as for our own. But, as we said, this custom of wishing each other well seems a beam from the brightness of the Good Time Coming; let us add the hope that it heralds the advent of the Good Time itself, when, to use the poet's phrase, all men's good shall be each man's rule, and when our lives and deeds shall show that we live and act chiefly for a common happiness. That will be a Time worth living in, if it ever comes, when every man shall take care of the interests of every other man, so far as it is in his power so to do, caring little for his own welfare, yet cared for by everybody. To-day our proverbial rule of action is—Every Man for Himself. Then it will be—All for each One, each One for All;—the central and vital principle of Christianity. We cannot reasonably expect to be happy as individuals or as a nation, till we commence with carrying into effect in all possible practical ways, the doctrine of our New Year's wish, and strive to make each New Year a happy one to all whose happiness depends on us. For there is no such thing as an isolated happiness. The knowledge of the suffering of others is wormwood in our cup of joy. Individual happiness is the consequence of a mutual happiness, and the greater the one the greater will be the other. If selfishness was not always poisonous, we might say that on mere selfish principles it would be the interest of every ... to make other people happy, if only to obtain a private personal pleasure. But the noble motive must enter into every duty, and it is sufficient to say that we are all intimately related as human beings, that the happiness of each individual is dependent upon the happiness of all, and that is the duty of each man to do what he can for the happiness of every man.

This is not a sermon, but only a sermon ... But whichever it is, it comes naturally enough this time, when we are all wishing each other Happy New Year at the top of our voices. Such human happiness is the burden of the text ... is well enough to make it the burden of our ... trial talk with our readers. And let it down to our forbearance if, when so many people are wishing each other joy, and so forwarding any thing to secure the joy they wish each other, we refrain from saying the poignant and pungent things we have it in our power to say! Would that all of us would ... New Year as a besom, and set to work earnest with ourselves and our country, ... down these cobwebs of coldness, ... selfishness, and cruelty that cling to ... being and to the nation's walls! Then ... Happy New Year it would be to all of us, that proud and humble consciousness in our hearts of right and duty heroically done, of private sins repaired, and private duties generously performed—were public wrongs set right, and public sorrows assuaged—who would be the worse off? Wealth would not be the ... respect would still attach, prosperity still be ... cred, personal worth still be reverenced. The white wings of commerce would still gleam ... titudinously on the purple seas; the nation's ... ards still shake their gorgeous folds across ... peopled spaces, symbols of opulence and ... Our food would not lose its sweetness, nor ... drink be flavored with gall. The only difference would be in the torrent influx and ex... all good and prosperity, the gradual ... all disaster and evil, and the upspring ... inward light which would be known ... power and peace in each heart, and ... trant radiance would enable us to ... depths of the deepest and dark... istence, and make each New Year ... Year to us all!

OUR FRIENDS.

We are greatly obliged to many ... for the interest they have taken ... clubs, and sending us new ... friends can do a great deal for us in this manner, and they may be assured it is ... noticed by us, and warm thanks returned, even when nothing is spoken.

As an example of the many out-of-the-places that the Post yearly gets to, we quote from a letter recently received from Marquette, L. Superior, Michigan. Mr. H. S. Bacon writes:

"The Post is held in high esteem by the people here, particularly through the winter (seven months,) as during that time communication with the civilized world is by means of sledges drawn by dogs—our town being situated about two hundred miles north of Green Bay, on Lake Superior; nearly all of which distance is through a dense forest, with only a winter path for a dog and snow-shoe."

The above letter contains the names of four subscribers, which we consider a high testimonial to the value of our paper. People who live at such places as Marquette, are apt to be first-rate judges of the quality of periodicals, for they read them carefully and thoroughly.

We may be excused for also quoting a sample of many of our letters, the following extract from one recently received from a subscriber, H. H. B., of Salisbury, North Carolina. Mr. B. says:

"I think I commenced taking the Post in 1828, and as a family paper I must say there is none so useful and instructive as I have ever seen during the 28 or 29 years I have a large family, they all like it, and would not be without it for three times the cost of the subscription. I intend to continue it as it is published."

Such letters are very encouraging, for they do, that the unwearied efforts which have been given to make the Post not only a source of pleasure, but of instruction, to old and young, have not been thrown away—and that we are enabled to conform, in our degree, to the catholic injunction, "To do good unto all men, especially unto those of the household of faith, forget not."

ONLY WRONG IN ONE POINT.—Judge Delia thus does up Gen. W... ting Marshal:

"Since the sublime day when ... defence of the liberties of their ... Moscow, and drove forth Napoleon ... snows of the wintry clime ... lemnly before him, the ... nest act of desperate ... than the recent ... Walker. Rather ... call him lord, for ... degenerate native ... rather be fired, ... cient city."

The above ... point. If Mr. ... to prove ... the side ... resemb... of Gra... the ... by ... ru... no

CHRISTMAS INCIDENTS.

It is a pity that we mix up so much paganism in our observance of Christmas, and that we allow other people to mix up something a great deal worse than paganism in the observance. It is rather sad to remember that Christmas eve in Philadelphia was specially marked by an increase of rowdyism and disorder, and rather curious to reflect that the police and city authorities for whose support we are tax-payers, permitted the rowdyism and disorder to continue unchecked through *those twelve night hours when we have* a right to expect peace and quiet, and, on Christmas eve, something more. We have been accustomed to consider New York the very pandemonium of drunken and uproarious diabolism, but New York shames us. Christmas passed in that city without any rows, or street brawls, or other disorder. But here in Philadelphia, gangs of rowdies dressed in all manner of outlandish costumes, and wild with liquor, marched the streets all night with shrill yawps and yells and calathumpian music; interfered with by nobody. Several fights took place, and three men were stabbed—two of them probably fatally. If the police did their duty they would arrest or disperse those Alsatians the very moment they appear in the street, and not wait till the fumes of the liquor in them had sufficiently fermented in and cause them to make them temporarily insane, murder. That such things should happen, or all nights in the year, on that night sacred to the birth of the Saviour, is matter for grave and sorrowful reflection, and calls for some action of public sentiment which will result in putting an effectual stop to such occurrences for the future.

On Christmas morning our Trenton friends chose to symbolize the reverence they feel for the birthday of the Redeemer, by holding a cock fight in the streets of the town. All the train-bands were out in their soldier uniforms, and enacted the parts of Americans and Hessians "arrayed in mutual slaughter" to the great delight of the spectators, who probably thought the spectacle entirely suited to the religious memories and spirit of the day.

But in Camden, Mr. Barber, of that place, kept his Christmas by distributing gratuitously among the poor, two hundred large-sized loaves of bread. No doubt many another good man kept his Christmas in a similar way. It is pleasant to think that in the clouds of our festival there were gems of Christian gold.

EUROPE.

The European Congress, it appears, is to meet again, and settle the difficulty which has grown out of the interpretation of the Treaty of Peace with Russia. Great Britain is believed to have enlisted the support of a majority of the Congress—Austria, Sardinia, Turkey and herself composing that majority. It is now rumored that the map used at the former meeting was one manufactured by Russian agents for the occasion.

Although this difficulty may be settled amicably, still it is not denied that great activity prevails in the military departments alike of Russia and England. The movements in the East, also, have a threatening aspect. Russia is said to be marching heavy bodies of troops down upon the Persian frontier, and may intend to support Persia openly, as she has probably been doing all along secretly. While, if we rightly interpret the temper of our English cousins, the least offensive action from the Czar will be met with an immediate opening of hostilities. The popular feeling in Great Britain was by no means satisfied with the recent peace. It was considered that England lost laurels—and there is a good deal of that stubby feeling in John Bull, which led the Romans of old to adopt it as a political maxim, that peace was never to be made so long as their swords were unsuccessful.

With Italy in a ferment, Switzerland and Prussia still at open issue, France beginning to brave and humble, and Russia and England glowering ominously at each other across the Persian and Caucasian mountains, the peace of Europe seems to be by no means an assured thing. And yet what particular good is to result from a war more or less general, it would puzzle any one to say. The regeneration of the masses does not seem to us to lie through fields of blood. No dynasties, more *firmly* based and cemented than the present, are the probable results—but who will such changes advantage the millions of mankind? Heavy taxes will be added to the already heavy taxes which are now consuming the life ease of the poor—and for that great expenditure of life and money will be received a fresh infusion of savagery into the thoughts and customs of the nations. Peace and not war, it seems to us, is the great need of the toiling masses everywhere. But the masses do not govern in Europe, and very likely if they did, there would be even more wars than there are now.

—The Electoral Votes.—The electoral vote of Wisconsin has failed to be given, as the electors did not reach Madison, on account of a severe snow-storm, on the prescribed day, the Wednesday of December.

The electors of California, owing to the grounding of a steamboat, on board of which they all were, also came very near a failure, but fortunately were able to reach the capital in season. Facts show the importance of the electors providing themselves plenty of time on such occasions hereafter.

—The Supreme Court of the United States has reversed the decision by which a retiring member of the Rappite Association, near Pittsburg, obtained $8,890 as his share of the Association's property. The Circuit Court is directed to dismiss the bill, with costs.

—A description for a watch—

"That ever tempers move like this machine,
Not by passion, nor delayed by spleen;
Whose acts distinguish every hour;
Health and joy would follow as they ought,
By rules of motion, and the laws of thought;
Which so pass the present moments o'er,
Nothing joy, when time shall be no more.
—*Seattle Magazine, Oct.* 1747.

A western paper gives an account of a most ludicrous bull-dog that attacked a crocodile which was roused out of the mud of the shore into the Mississippi. The alligator coolly closed his three-feet jaws on the dog, and that was the last of him.

☞ It is stated that no less than 20,000 singing birds are disposed of every year in New York. They are raised chiefly in Germany, among the Harz Mountains, by the peasants, and are brought over during the summer.

☞ An Irish medical gentleman defines wink to be an "affection of the eye."

☞ Oliver Cromwell's name appears among a list of deserters from Gen. Walker's army.

☞ The resolutions that some persons resort to to drown care are like the curtains that children used them to keep out the

New Publications.

Memoirs of Washington. By Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

In this work Mrs. Kirkland aims to give a personal biography of Washington, rather than a history of public affairs in which he would appear only as incidental and auxilliary to the process thereof. The idea is to show us the picture, colored to nature, of Washington the mortal man, admirable and imitable, instead of the historic statue of Washington the demigod, exalted above the possibility of attainment, or the use of example. The idea is good, and is felicitously executed. The private, practical, familiar side of the hero's character is broadly and plainly presented, by means of narration, contemporary reminiscence and anecdote, and in statement derived from numerous sources. The book fulfils its purpose, and has the effect of a moral lesson, while it gives the entertainment of a well-told tale. Mrs. Kirkland's style is simple and luminous, which renders the work eminently fit for children, as well as attractive to adults.

Canterbury Tales. By Harriet Lee. Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We remember well how we were first drawn, years ago, to the Canterbury Tales, by the dark [illegible] interest of "Kruitzner," which is one of them—[illegible] from which Lord Byron borrowed the plot, the [illegible] and even the language of his drama of Werner—thus testifying strongly to the merit of the story. The Canterbury Tales were very popular a score of years ago; and deserve to come into fashion again after their lapse of forgetfulness. For power of conception, picturesqueness, clear and contrasted characterization, subtle interest, verisemblance, and moral effect, they have very few equals in English story literature, and still fewer superiors.

Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Uniform with Mr. Peterson's cheap and handsome edition of Dickens' works, of which we have spoken before.

Home and the World. By the author of "Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe." D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

The New York Almanac and Weather Book, for the Year 1857. Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Colerain, Ohio, Dec 15th, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—In your paper of Dec. 13th, is an article on the age of horses, in which you ask how many of your readers know of horses over thirty years of age.

In my possession is a horse that was thirty years old last spring, in a perfectly healthy and sound condition, having been in actual service for twenty-four years of his life, and used now two or three times a week by the orphan grandchildren of the man that raised him. This, as it happens, was the only horse that ever ran away with me. Last spring I had occasion to use him in ploughing corn. I started from the stable with him, and proceeded about half way to the field, when he concluded he would go back to the stable, which he did in spite of my efforts to restrain him! This horse has helped to raise a family of eleven children, myself included. I am now over twenty-two years old, and the first I recollect of him is that we called him Old Rock, being of the breed here called Rockingham, and we call him Old Rock yet. Another of the same stock, raised by a neighbor, lived to the age of thirty-three. These two are all that I shall speak of, though I could name at least half-a-dozen in this neighborhood that are kept for the good they have done. Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. STOUT.

Longacre, Beaufort Co., N. C. Dec. 7, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—I raised a beet the present year which weighs 12½ pounds, measures 23 inches round, and is 23 inches long. It was recently exhibited in Washington. I have others standing that will not fall much short of the above weight and measure. The seed was planted on the 28th of February last, and it was dug up on the 29th of November; making it about nine months old. The manure was a mixture of common turf, old ashes and slush from the kitchen. I have tried various manures for the last six years, and find the above much the best for that kind of crop. It may be right to say that I have not used guano, and do not expect to.

Stephen F. Harrison.

☞ "Pa, was it Windsor Castle that Mary Queen of Scots was confined in?" asked little Anthony Augustus of his father. "No, my son, not Queen Mary, but Queen Victoria; she, poor thing, has been confined in that castle repeatedly."

☞ A very prosy actor was playing in Macbeth before a village audience. In the fifth act occurs the beautiful soliloquy commencing:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

He was exceedingly slow over these words, and he had hardly spoken the last word when his progress was interrupted by a voice from the gallery: "Dang it, mon, get to the end of the week at once, and ha' done with it."

☞ A jeweler advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of; adding, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

☞ Indolence often assumes the appearance of patience.

☞ It was Washington Irving, we believe, who observed that when we are willing to appear poor, we have taken from poverty its sharpest sting.

☞ November last was a matrimonial month in Washington, D. C., beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. There have been eighty marriages, besides several interesting (?) runaway matches, and Washington is not ordinarily much of a marrying place.

☞ Almost every defect of face may be concealed by a judicious use and arrangement of hair. Take care, however, that your hair be not of one color, and your whiskers of another; and let your wig be large enough to cover the *whole* of your red or white hair.

☞ A virtuous man, who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish which lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

☞ When Crœsus, in Herodotus, suggested to Cyrus the means of making his Lydian subjects harmless for warlike purposes, he advised him to teach them to sing, and to dance, and to open retail shops, as the surest of all methods for destroying their pristine manliness.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ Spiders have four paps for spinning their threads, each pap having 1,000 holes; and the fine web itself is the union of 4,000 threads. No spider spins more than four webs, and when the fourth is destroyed they seize on the webs of

Paris Letter.

Winter and Wolves—An Unpleasant Predicament—Police with their Hands Full—The Way to Move a Landlord—Kitchen Physic for the Tragic Muse—Hippophagic Crusade and French Academy—A Modern Epidemic—Private Theatricals.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Winter has set in very early, and with unusual severity, in many parts of the Old World; snow and wolves are showing themselves in great force, and the prospect of a long, cold season, joined to the high prices of food, is anything but re-assuring. A friend of mine, just returned from Geneva, has met with a series of adventures in crossing the Jura, which are more agreeable in the form of narrative than they could have been in that of fact. Imagine your *diligence*, after all sorts of "narrow escapes," breaking down, and breaking to pieces, of course in the very worst part of the road, at two o'clock in the morning, in snow, Heaven only knows how deep, and several miles from the nearest village. While driver and passengers heaved away at the broken vehicle, by the light of horn-lanterns (for the wind raged with such fury that torches were impracticable) and succeeded at length in getting the debris of the coach out of the hole into which it had tumbled, the horses were unharnessed and sent off in search of another vehicle from the village [illegible] the passengers, nearly frozen with the cold, then taking refuge in a sort of ruined barn not far off, where they succeeded at length in lighting an apology for a fire, which, however, half blown out by every gust of wind, was quite insufficient to warm them. As day broke over the desolate scene, with pines, peaks and rocks all covered with snow and ice, the new *diligence* made its appearance, and the poor creatures, having stowed the luggage into it, crept into its chilly interior, and pursued their disconsolate journey, stiff with cold and weariness.

Here we have had a good deal of chilly, and some pretty sharp weather, but nothing very severe. Just now we are in the midst of snow that began falling a couple of days ago, and that has not yet made up its mind whether to lie or disappear. You may imagine, by similar experiences, the embarrassment of the public, shivering and blue-nosed, and hesitating between furs and water-proofs.

It would be well for us, however, were this the only subject on which Paris is dubitating. The price of every article of food, except bread, is still going up; and great smothered discontent exists. Numerous placards of a menacing character, "Bread or Bullets," and the like, have been discovered by the police in their nightly wanderings during the last fortnight. They are constantly on the watch for these things, and tear them off the walls the moment they espy them; but it is rare that the obnoxious specimens of the printer's art have not been read already by one or two passers, who of course repeat the thing to their friends, and the latter to theirs; in which way the fact of these appeals to the angry feelings of the masses is made known through the community.

Great discontent undoubtedly prevails; but the general fear of "something worse" will probably prolong Louis Napoleon's reign for some time to come. The violent diatribes in which the Orleanist, Legitimist, and Clerical Journals have been indulging against England for a week past, have rather declined since the evidences of a good understanding between the Courts of the Tuileries and St. James' afforded by the official announcement to that effect in the *Moniteur*, the Emperor's reply to the Russian Ambassador, and the fresh confirmation of the news, so often put forth and contradicted, that a second European Conference will take place here during the present month.

Rents are still rising. In connection with this terrible grievance a new anecdote—and one which is perfectly authentic, a quality lacking in two-thirds of the gossip the Parisians are so fond of setting afloat, is just going the rounds. It appears that a young artist, M. L——, who is classed among the first musicians here, recently rented a "bachelor's apartment" near Notre Dame de Lorette. As this apartment, which was let at 500 francs four years ago, had already been raised, when he took it, to 1,200 francs. M. L—— flattered himself that a rent so exorbitant would satisfy his "proprietor," and that he would be left in peace without any further raising of his rent. What, then, was his horror, a few days since, at seeing his landlord make his appearance, holding in his hand one of those small sheets of stamped paper that serve to notify to an unfortunate tenant that he must look out for other quarters.

"I am come to tell you," said the landlord, bluntly, "that I shall raise your rent 300 francs next quarter's-day."

"But, my dear sir," cried the tenant, "I can't possibly afford to pay you these 300 additional francs. You know that I am not rich; and the thing is simply impossible."

"Very good; you will, in that case, leave my house. Here is a legal notice to that effect, of which you will be good enough to give me, at once, the regular legal acceptance."

At these words the musician heaved a deep sigh, with a melancholy gaze on the beaming face of his landlord, a retired grocer, who is so proud of the fortune he has made in his trade that he might serve as the type of vulgar, self-satisfied importance.

"Be it so," he remarked in a plaintive tone.

"You are unwilling to move?" rejoined the landlord. "I am sorry to inconvenience you; but you will admit that I have a perfect right to make as much as I can out of my property."

"Undoubtedly; but you are mistaken in the motive you assign to my regret. I care nothing whatever about moving. The fact is I have become used to it; and as to this apartment, I am by no means anxious to keep it. The chimneys smoke, and the situation is rather noisy. I shall have no difficulty in finding a better one at the price I am now paying you. It is your own fate that fills me with regret."

"How so?" demanded the landlord, very much astonished. "I should think my fate was to be envied rather than pitied!"

"What is your age?" gently inquired the musician.

"Fifty."

"And your health?"

"Perfectly good."

"Alas! it will probably not suffice to prevent your being a dead man in less than three months from this time!"

"What do you mean, monsieur?" cried the landlord, more and more astounded, "do you threaten me?"

"It is Fate that is threatening you," replied the artist, slowly and emphatically. "Suffer me to explain myself. Two years ago I lived in the Rue [illegible] St. Germain. My landlord wished to raise my rent; I refused his terms; he gave me notice, and died before the quarter had expired. I then went to live in the Marais; but I had hardly installed myself in my new abode, when my landlord determined to raise my rent the following quarter. You know that this has been the usual way of proceeding for some time past. I refused to pay this additional rent, and accepted the usual notice. In less than three months the landlord, young and perfectly healthy, fell suddenly ill, and died. He was buried the very day I quitted the house."

"Very strange!" remarked the landlord with a thoughtful air.

"This is not all," continued the musician. "Before I moved into the apartment I now occupy in your house, I lived in the house of Mr. B——, a retired tradesman, whom I think you knew."

"Yes, he died last March."

"Just so; about three months after he had given me notice to quit, upon my refusing to put up with an intended increase of rent that he had announced to me. You perceive that it is clearly a fatality. Are you superstitious? As for me, I confess to this weakness, so common to strong minds. I cannot doubt, after these three examples, that I am fated to bring misfortune upon landlords who give me notice to quit. Heaven is my witness that I would gladly turn aside the misfortune that threatens you, even at a sacrifice to myself, if my means enabled me to do so. But it is quite out of my power. Well, you will have at any rate, the satisfaction of leaving a very pretty fortune behind you. Lucky dogs, those young nephews of yours! But perhaps after these three catastrophes, the fatality may have p[illegible] may have outlived so formidable a quality. And it would no[illegible] be a weakness on your part, to sacrifice your pecuniary interests to chimerical apprehensions. At any rate, I have thought it only right to warn you of the danger you may be incurring."

"And I thank you very much for having done so," responded the landlord, who had listened to the artist's recital with evident emotion, "and to show you that I appreciate your frankness, I have determined to keep you as a tenant."

"Without raising my rent?"

"Certainly."

"Will you give me a lease of my apartment?"

"With the utmost pleasure!"

The lease was at once made out at the present rent, and duly signed, for three years, leaving it optional with the tenant, so oddly reinstated in possession of his apartment, to prolong the lease for nine years. The artist has thus succeeded, thanks to his lucky imagination, in securing to himself a few years of respite from the dreadful alternative of successive removals or raising of his rent.

Speaking of houses reminds me that the beautiful hotel of M'lle Rachel, described in one of my late letters, after being visited by some thirty thousand persons, is not to be sold, though several purchasers have already presented themselves. This change of plan, together with the fact of the great Tragedian having sent to Paris for a cook, to swell the domestic forces of her floating winter-villa on the Nile, would seem to indicate that her health is mending, and that she may yet resume her place in the scene of her former triumphs.

M. St. Hilaire is still fighting with might and main to overcome the repugnance of this hungry public to eat horseflesh. Several other eminent pamphleteers are also out upon the same subject, urging the need of adding this aliment to the insufficient supplies of the present day, and also the necessity of its being openly adopted and subjected to the inspection of the police; large quantities of it, often of unhealthy quality, being surreptitiously employed in the restaurants as beef.—These gentlemen in their zeal for what they consider a "useful and beneficial triumph over unreasonable prejudice," have just brought the question of *Hippophagism* before the notice of the French Academy; this being the first time that the "Illustrious Forty" have ever condescended to take up any such prosaic subject of investigation.

This famous Society, by the way, since its foundation by Cardinal Richelieu in 1634, has numbered 406 members; being an average of ten to each of its forty arm-chairs. The 17th of these has had already 14 occupants; the 35th has had but seven. Since Conrad, its first Perpetual Secretary, the learned body has had 15 of these officers, including Villemain, elected in 1834, and filling this post at the present day. We shall be curious to see if any practical suggestion with regard to the important subject of Public Alimentation will emanate from this venerable body!

Meantime, whether owing to the "hardness" of the times, or from other causes, the mania of self-destruction seems to be spreading. Suicides occur daily, and those attacked by this form of nervous malady sometimes resort to the most singular expedients. Thus a poor devil of this city, who was paralytic and could only move his hands, having made several attempts to kill himself which had been prevented by the constant watchfulness of his wife, stuffed his pocket-handkerchief down his throat, and succeeded in choking himself while the wife was absent for a few minutes from his bedside. Such pertinacity in such a cause reminds one of the late well-known Mr. J——, an English gentleman of large fortune, who passed among his acquaintances as being "the most obstinate man," and who, being closely watched to prevent his carrying out the idea of self-destruction which he was known to cherish, literally contrived to drown himself in a wash-hand basin, by resolutely holding his face in the water it contained until he had killed himself by suffocation!

But while people are jumping off Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Column of the Place Vendome, and the bridges, or making away with themselves by the aid of prussic acid, charcoal, and other contrivances more or less ingenious, the Paris season is setting in with promises of unusual brilliancy. "Benevolent balls" are the rage, the poor reaping the profits thus realized; and private theatricals are being got up in all the grandest salons, and bid fair to constitute the absorbing interest of the winter. The difficulty of getting actors and actresses for the subordinate parts seems to be the main difficulty of the titled hosts and hostesses who are working so hard to form their respective troupes; every one wants to be the hero and heroine, and refuses to "do" the less brilliant parts, which will probably, in many cases, have to be performed by regular actors hired from the theatres for this purpose. These laughable susceptibilities—like the vanity of the great people who figured at the christening of the little Napoleon, and who all insisted upon being put in the foreground of the picture of that event, ordered by the Emperor, so that his majesty was obliged to order that no other portraits should be introduced than those of himself, the Empress, the governess, and the baby—reminded one of the remark of Talma, who, being charged by the Duke of L—— to give a little training to the company of amateur actors he was getting up and finding that everybody was bent on playing the conspicuous parts, remarked, "I perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that there is no one but myself who can take the parts of the accessories."

QUANTUM.

Lo! the rose-bed of Creation
Never for an hour is bare;
Fades one red-cheeked generation,
Straight another blossoms there.

☞ A country contemporary puffs Rose, the soap man, and his soap, concluding as follows: "The manufacturer of the best soap ever used for cleansing a *dirty man's face*. We have tried it, therefore we know."

☞ Snow flakes fall so large in Oregon that the ladies put handles to them and use them for parasols.

☞ A Hint for Talkers.—"It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyere, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

☞ E. Merriam, the celebrated weather man, of Brooklyn, New York, declares his opinion, formed after the closest study, that no man can determine, a single day in advance, what changes will take place in the atmosphere.

☞ Dr. R—— maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That is making a virtue of necessity," said a bystander.

☞ The man who talks back to a person with the toothache is a rash individual. For giving an upper tendency to the passions and right foot, we know nothing equal to it. Stepping on a sore toe in a tight boot, comes next in order. The first time you feel like going up a foot, foot and a half or two feet, try it on.

☞ I've got into an awful scrape, as the chin said to the blunt razor.

☞ Smuggling Milk in the "Original Packages."—It is said that Mr. Secretary Guthrie, in framing his [illegible] with Canada, made the "duty" on milk so high that the farmers on the royal borders, instead of milking their cows at home and sending the milk in cans into the States, find it more economical to drive their cows over, milk them on the American side, and then drive them back again. They commute for the toll over the bridges for a very moderate consideration.

☞ He whose ruling passion is the love of praise, is a slave to every one that has a tongue for flattery and calumny.

Ridicule.—If there be one habit more than another, the dry-rot of all that is high and generous, it is the habit of ridicule. The lip ever ready with the sneer, the eye ever on the watch for the ludicrous, must always dwell upon the external; and most of what is great and good lies below the surface.

☞ An old definition of the word *watchman* was: "A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air."

☞ A California lover writes to his sweetheart thus:—"Leven yeres is rether long to kort a gal, but ile hav you yit Cate."

☞ Somebody asks why we call a shrewd man a man of "gumption," when a silly man is called a "gump?"

☞ A cotemporary says that filling lamps is a proper work for servants, because it is a *servile* business.

☞ A Hard Hit.—"I have always preserved my reputation," said Mrs. ——, one evening, addressing herself rather pointedly to Mrs. ——. "You always set a ridiculous value on trifles!" rejoined the insulted fair one.

☞ If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you pass along. Every editor has to learn that.

☞ Uses of Poodles.—A lady who kept one of the curly abominations, recently lost her pet, and called upon a policeman to find it. The next day the officer came with the dog, which was wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions, among others:

"Where did you find the dear baby?"

"Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big nigger up in Sullivan street had him tied to a pole and was washing windows with him."

☞ What is generally sold as Balsam of Mecca is merely a decoction from the seeds, stones and branches of the tree, and not its "tears."—The real balsam is only produced on one plantation in Stony Arabia, where not more than three pounds' weight is produced annually, and this belongs exclusively to the Turkish Sultan. A bottle of it is kept at the Botanical Gardens at Paris as a great curiosity.

☞ People persist in quoting from Buffon, "*Le style est l'homme,*" ("the style is the man,") instead of "*Le style est de l'homme*" ("the style is of the man") indicating that the literary style of a book is all that can be said to be the personal property of the writer.

☞ The following strange epitaph is on a tombstone in the churchyard of Barton upon Humber:

"Doom'd to receive half which my soul held dear,
The other half with grief she left me here;
Ask not her name, for she was true and just,
Once a fine woman, now a heap of dust."
Date, 1789.

☞ The word "mile" comes from the Latin word *mille*, a thousand, a thousand steps making a Roman mile. The English statute mile contains eight furlongs, or fourscore chains, or 1760 yards. But the mile varies in different countries.

☞ A New Dodge.—A person advertised for literary contributions, to be "paid for liberally, if approved." The result was, that some writers for the press, more verdant than need be, sent in their MSS. These were returned, in due time, with the intimation of *non* approved. We hear, however, that several have made their appearance in print, under a high-flown alias! This is a new move in the art of swindling.

☞ A Bremen journal contains the following advertisement: "A young gentleman on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step. Address," &c.

Although Mr. Bernheisel, the delegate from Utah, has had in his possession, for months past, the application of the people of that Territory for admission as a State into the Union, he will not present it at this session.

The soundings across the Atlantic Ocean for the proposed telegraph to England, brought up among the substances of the bed reached, a species of volcanic cinder, to all appearance, but which the savans have decided to be the ashes and cinders thrown overboard from the steamships along whose track the soundings were made.

At Stillwater, Minnesota, Rev. A. G. Nelson, Methodist minister, broke down in his Sunday morning sermon, and was so confounded by the unaccountable and awkward dilemma that he summarily dismissed his congregation and ran home. He got there just in time to save his house from destruction by fire, which was well under way.

Mr. Asa Whitney, the originator of the great Pacific Railroad scheme, is extensively engaged in the milk business, in Washington. He lives a few miles out, keeps about fifty cows, and supplies Washington people with milk. He looks like a plain farmer, and talks like a statesman—especially on the Pacific Railroad question.

The London Times gives notice that England will resist, by force, if necessary, the revival of the African slave trade.

CHRISTMAS.

December was so called by the Romans, as being the tenth month from March, with which their year commenced; while with our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers it had the name of *Christmonat*—because in this month Christ was born—or *Wintermonth*, or *Midwintermonth*, or *Giul Erra*, meaning the first or former Giul. It was the feast of Thor, and was celebrated in the *Mother-night*, that is to say, at the winter solstice.

In the primitive church Christmas Day was always observed as a Sabbath, and hence, like other Lord's Days it was preceded by an eve or vigil as an occasion of preparing for the day following. No festival of the church was attended by more popular superstitions and observances, the ceremonies of the Saturnalia from which it was derived being improved upon by Christian and Druidical additions. The day of this vigil was passed in the ordinary manner, but with the evening the sports began; about seven or eight o'clock hot cakes were drawn from the oven; ale, cider, and spirits went freely round; and the carol-singing commenced, which was continued throughout the greater part of the night.

The connection of this festival with the Roman Saturnalia has never been disputed by those competent to form a judgment, and in some existing observances in Franconia the traces of it are undeniable. In the nights of the three Thursdays preceding the Nativity, the young of either sex go about, bexing at the doors of the houses, singing the near birth of our Saviour, and wishing the inhabitants a happy new year, for which in return they are presented with pears, apples, nuts and money. With what joy in the churches not only the priests, but the people also, receive the birth day of Christ, may be inferred from this—that the image of a new-born child being placed upon the altar, they dance and chant as they circle round it, while the elders sing.

In addition to what has been here advanced, we have the unquestionable authority of Bede for asserting that it had been observed in England long before by the heathen Saxons. They called it, he says, the *Mother Night*, or *Night of Mothers*, and probably on account of the ceremonies used by them during their vigil. But in fact, though particular portions of this festival may be traced to the Romans or to the ancient Saxons, the root of the whole affair lies much deeper, and is to be sought in far remoter periods. It was clearly in its origin an astronomical observance, to celebrate the winter solstice and the consequently approaching prolongation of the days, as is demonstrated by the emblematic Christmas-candles and Yule-logs, the symbols of increasing light and heat.

These Christmas-candles, though now out of date, were at one time of immense size, and not a few in number, the houses being very generally illuminated with them. The church, too, adopted the same custom, but gave especial reasons of its own for such observance; the apostles, as they explained it, were the light of the world, and as our Saviour also was frequently called *lee light*, so his coming was typified by these emblems. In the buttery of St. John's College, Oxford, there is yet to be seen an "ancient candle-socket of stone, ornamented with the figure of the *Holy Lamb*. It was formerly used to burn the Christmas-candle in on the high table, during the twelve nights of that festival."

For similar reasons they lighted the *Yule-Clog*, or *Yule-Log*, for the words are synonomous. On these occasions the log was usually as large as the hearth would admit of, or the means of the rejoicers could supply, and in some of the northern counties of England, so long as the log lasted, the servants were [illegible] ale at their meals.

A custom no less gene[illegible] and up of houses, particularly in the halls and kitchens, with branches of holly, ivy, bays, and rosemary, the two last mentioned, being, however, in much less frequent use than the former. Nor must the misletoe be forgotten in this record of Christmas festivities; for, whatever it may do in these refined days, it used to play a conspicuous part, no less than a century ago, when it was regularly suspended both in hall and kitchen, that the young folks, of whatever rank, might duly kiss and be kissed beneath its mystic branches.

There is much doubt as to the origin of Christmas Day. The earliest churchman who makes any mention of it is Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, about the year 170, in his paschal letter, and for the first four centuries it was far from being universally celebrated. It is even a matter of great uncertainty when it should be kept, and Cassian tells us that the Egyptians observed the Epiphany, the Nativity, and Baptism of Christ on the same day, while modern chronologists, at the head of whom is Scaliger, agree that Christ was born at the end of September or the beginning of October, about the time of the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacles.

In the earlier ages this day was called in the Eastern Church the "Epiphany," or "Manifestation of the Light," a name which was subsequently given to "Twelfth Night," as I have already mentioned. On this occasion it was used allusively to the birth of Christ, and hence also came the custom, which prevailed in the ancient church, of lighting up candles at the reading of the Gospel, even at this day, partly to testify the general joy, and partly to symbolize the new light that was shining on mankind.

Among the Anglo-Saxons this day was the beginning of the year; and in the shows of a later, but still remote time, Christmas was personified in his pageant by an "old man hung round with savory dainties."

No sooner had midnight passed, and the Day of the Nativity commenced, than the people hastened to welcome it with carols, and these were generally sung with some others from the Nativity to the Twelfth Day, the continuance of Christmas. In the present day the place of the carols is supplied by tunes played just before midnight by the so-called Waits, whilst the carols themselves are annually published in the humblest form and with the coarsest wood-cuts for the amusement of the people.

On Christmas Day these carols used at one time to take the place of psalms in the churches, and more particularly at the afternoon service, the whole congregation joining in them. At the end of the carol, the clerk would declare in a loud voice his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all the parishioners.

☞ A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fashionable in that quarter to inclose a dollar with marriage notices, when sending them to the printer. A good custom, that ought to prevail everywhere.

Six dollars to printer and priest,
No sensible man could refuse;
Five dollars to render him blest,
And one to publish the news!

☞ Divorce cases have constituted the principal business of the Supreme Court now in session at Salem, Mass., and more than half the applications come from "California widows."

A TRADITION OF ROTHERHITHE.

It was a still autumn evening, about fifty years since, and a strong ebb tide, which was just on the turn, had shrunk the waters of the Thames to their lowest estate, when the skipper of a vessel, arrived that day from a foreign port, and anchored opposite Rotherhithe, put off the shore. Rotherhithe was then little more than a desolate collection of fields, enlivened by a few public-houses and laborers' cottages; but dreary as it was, and more dreary still for the evening shades that were rapidly darkening over it, it was a link in the chain of old recollections that carried his heart home, and leaning forward on his seat, his eyes fixed on the darkening shore, to which it required but a few strokes of the sculls to carry him, the skipper indulged in the visions prompted by such feelings. Scarcely had the boat grazed upon the shingles, when he jumped from it, and only waiting to give hurried orders to the rowers to await him there at eleven, he hastened up the shore, his eyes restlessly wandering round him in search of the realities of those shadows with which memory had soothed his absence.

The two rowers looked after their chief as he hastened on; but suddenly they observed him stop; and thinking that something was amiss, they ran after him. The skipper had not fallen; he was stooping down, and as they came nearer, they saw that he was endeavoring to disengage his foot, though they could not at first distinguish what had entangled it.

"Curse the chain!" he cried rising, and shaking the foot violently in an effort to extricate it. It was one of the old-fashioned chains with long and large links, attached to a buoy, and left uncovered by the ebb tide, and into one of those links he had struck his foot with a violence that had sufficed to jam it tightly into a space it could not otherwise have entered. The impetus had carried the link over the widest part of the foot, which had thus become so tightly wedged that he could not remove it. The eyes of one of the sailors danced with mirth, though there were no audible demonstrations of it, as he thought how neatly the skipper was caught as in a trap.

"Come, Bob, lend a hand," urged the other reproachfully; "now, sir, twist the foot carefully out, while we hold the chain." But it was more easily said than done; the skipper did twist the foot, and that with a force that ground the bone against the iron, but to no purpose.

"Let me try," suggested Bob. "Bill, you hold the chain. Now, sir, slow and steady;" and as he spoke, he endeavored, first by a twist, and then by a wrench, to draw it out; but though he continued this operation till the skipper execrated his clumsiness, it was with no better success. Bill rose to his feet with a sigh, and scratching his head, regarded the foot askance, while Bob, still on the ground, entreated permission to give it "just one more grand wrench;" and the captive, finding his own efforts availed nothing, consented to the trial. It *was* a grand wrench that Bob gave it; but it was without result, except in the cries and expletives it drew from the sufferer. Bob also rose to his feet, quite puzzled what to do next, while the skipper again struggled fruitlessly in the iron toils.

There were but few people about; but by this time some two or three had collected round the unfortunate skipper: they seemed to consider it a good joke; and it was in a voice interrupted by laughter that one of them advised that the boot should be cut away. "Ah! that's the legal way of doing it," assented another: "the foot is got into Chancery—of course it must strip to get out again." The sufferer did not appreciate the joke; he did not indeed hear it; and Bob, who had by this time found the grave side of the case, checked [illegible] by remarking to the last speaker, that "it would better become a Christian and a waterman to fetch a light than to look on a fellow creature's misfortunes like a land lubber—only to laugh at 'em." Without further notice of the reproach, the man obeyed the intimation, and running to the nearest public-house, brought a lantern. He had found a moment to proclaim the curious case, and was accompanied on his return by, not only "the company" at the public-house, but as many of its residents as could possibly be spared; and the operation of cutting the boot away was performed by the skipper himself under the observation of twenty or thirty pair of eyes. "Now!" was the general exclamation when this was done, and the event of the subsequent trial was anxiously awaited. It was in vain: the foot would not pass. The skipper himself struggled to drag it through till, with the pain and the exertion, the sweat poured from his forehead; and his lips quivered as he set them in the stern effort. It would not pass through that prison-link; and when the victim gave over the attempt, and stood up to wipe his forehead, and consider what further means to try, there was no laugh; not even a smile rewarded the suggestion of a young girl, "that some one should cut the chain." "Better get a chair for the gentleman," observed a woman with a baby in her arms; "he's quite ready" (she meant ready to faint), and the girl ran away to procure one; but before it was brought, Bill had been obliged to support him. He was seated, however; and some one having brought a glass of brandy, he swallowed it eagerly, and was soon able to renew his struggle with his iron captor, but to no better purpose than before; and again he intermitted his struggles, and looking round among the gradually increasing crowd, said: "Will some of you go for a surgeon?" "I will, sir," said Bill eagerly, and off he started at the top of his speed. Meanwhile the skipper leaned back in his chair, and the crowd silently looked on, or glanced at each other with wonder, perplexity, and pity. It was half an hour ere the messenger returned, accompanied by the first doctor he could find, as he said. It was a chemist, who in truth knew little of medicine, and less of surgery; but he pressed and rubbed the foot, asking if that hurt it, and then shook his head in approbation of the assent so wisely, that the crowd looked on in wondering admiration and anticipation of what he might do next.

"I'd bleed it," observed a burly man from the front rank of observers.

"It is what I propose to do," observed the chemist gravely as the patient approved the suggestion; "but," he continued, feeling in his pocket, "I have not my lancets with me. Thank you," he went on in answer to Bill's offer to fetch them, "I must go myself; my wife will not give up my surgical instruments to a stranger."

Meantime, the rumor of his strange accident had spread far and wide through Rotherhithe, and persons of all classes crowded to the spot; some had brought lanterns with them, and one who had made a circuit by the river in order to approach, held up the blazing link he carried, which threw a strong light over the chief person in the scene. He was very pale, and his eyes wandered restlessly, but there was a slight smile on the lips.

"Bless me, what a time that doctor is!" cried the woman with the baby. "Sal, you run and see if he's coming," she continued, addressing the girl who had fetched the chair, and who instantly started off on the run; but it was more than a quarter of an hour before she returned with the chemist, who with due ceremony and importance took out from the formidable array of surgical weapons one small lancet, and having made the necessary preparations, amid the breathless silence of the crowd, proceeded to bleed the foot. The doctor, having entertained some doubts as to the issue, was greatly relieved by finding that venous and not arterial blood followed the stroke of the lancet, and watching the bubbling blood complacently, thought not of stopping it till warned by a caution from the crowd not to bleed the man to death; but before the bleeding was stopped, the skipper insisted on trying once more to extricate the foot. Again and again he wrenched, struggled, twisted his foot, amidst the exclamations, encouragement, and cheers of the rapidly increased crowd. The bone was not reduced in size—it seemed rather enlarged—and his struggles only increased the irritation; till at length, with a sigh of exhaustion, the skipper leaned back in his chair and ceased to strive.

"If," suggested the chemist—"if the foot were now left a short time in its present position, I have no doubt the irritation would subside, and the swelling abate."

"I'd foment it," said the woman with the baby.

"I was going to propose it," said the chemist shortly; and twenty persons started for flannel and hot water, including the Sal before mentioned.

The tide had by this time risen to within half a yard of the chair! A murmur ran through the crowd, and at length reached the ears of the skipper: "The river is fast rising; there is no time to lose." A new and horrible fear dawned upon his mind; he started up, and for one minute gazed silently over the dark and swelling waters, in which the blaze of the torch was reflected in a fiery column; the next, he turned away, his eyes glaring, and his face paler yet with horror than the bleeding had left it; and again he wrestled fiercely with his impassible foe—again he twisted, wrenched, and strained that fettered foot, till the hemorrhage, imperfectly stopped, was renewed; and it was only when the blood welled warmly over the writhing limb that, exhausted and breathless, he sunk back in his chair.

Through the crowd ran, meantime, a booming sound, composed of subdued exclamations, and agitated questions and proposals, to which no one replied. In the midst of this, the scene was suddenly darkened: the boy who held the torch leaped aside with a cry of "The water! the water!" and the next moment the rising waters dashed up to the chained foot.

"God!" cried the captive, frantically starting up, "will no one help me? Send for a doctor—call for help. Sacred Heaven! will you coolly stand by, and see a man drowned by inches?"

"Never fear, sir," said Bill soothingly, endeavouring to reseat him—"never fear, we'll manage it yet. See, here comes the flannel and the hot water. Come, come, sir; Father Thames is no harum-scarum youngster, that does not know his own mind—he'll take his time, never you fear."

"Ay, but his time must come," muttered the skipper shudderingly, yet half soothed.

Already had they commenced the fomentation; the woman with the baby had sent it home, and was busily superintending the operation; and the sufferer glanced uneasily from the foot to the gradually encroaching waters.

"No use in fomentation now," said the chemist coolly, as the tide plashed on and covered the foot with the cold waters of the river.

"Never mind," cried the woman cheeringly; "we shall do very well yet. Try, sir—try if it won't pass now."

He did make one desperate effort, with a silence as desperate; no, not one effort only, but a series of struggles, obstinately maintained, in defiance, almost in forgetfulness of bodily torture. In the horrible probability that every moment strengthened, he wrenched and strained till the body, not the spirit subdued, he staggered back into his seat. The girl Sal, whose office it had been to renew the hot water, her occupation being now gone, rose from her stooping position to her knees, making some observation in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"What! what does she say, Bob?" he asked eagerly, leaning forward in his seat.

"A bit of good sense, sir!" replied Bob with a gruff abruptness, that was designed to overcome a faltering of nerve and speech he thought scarcely manly: "better leave a limb here than a life."

"You are right, you are right!" cried the skipper, his eyes lighting up wildly with a desperate hope: "let a surgeon be sent for directly."

"This gemman can do it off-hand!" cried Bill, rising smartly to his feet, and pointing to the chemist who negatived the proposition with the observation that his practice did not lie in that direction, and Bill, with a contemptuous notice of the land-lubber, that could not spike a gun as well as load it, went in search of a more effective practitioner.

Sal hastily proposed to go with him, observing that if he was a stranger, he would not know where to go, and Bill, in as few words accepting the offer, they started on their errand. The crowd of lookers-on, that had gradually increased to a multitude, had been driven back several feet by the rising waters, which had already covered the ankle of the sufferer. There was a hum and a stir amongst them; but it was subdued. Two or three boys, in the excitement of the moment, and that of a sense of numbers, by which boys of a larger growth are often wrought upon, attempted to get up a "Hooray," but were checked by a stern "Silence!" Bob alone stood beside the skipper, cheering him with words of hearty encouragement, by which he endeavored also to overbear his own fears.—In the former service, his aid was little needed. The desperate expedient on which he had determined had excited in the skipper's mind hopes that were almost assurance; and though he now looked anxiously into the gloom of the imperfectly lighted road that stretched before him for his coming liberator, and then glanced behind him at the dark waters, now covered with a heavy white mist—the former look was of hope, and the latter of defiance. There was an abrupt cheer from the crowd, checked almost in the moment of its utterance: it announced the approach of the surgeons—for there were two of them—accompanied by the messengers. They soon made their way to their proposed patient, but to approach him were compelled to enter a boat drawn up on the shingles for the purpose. The scene was imperfectly lighted by two or three lanterns, and only the outline of the sufferer's form was visible as he rose at their approach.—There was a call for lights, and in a few minutes several torches brought an illumination more glaring than that of day. Bill insisting on the extremity of the case, had not delayed time by any further account of it to the medical men, than a few hurried words by the way might convey, and they were unprepared for the depth and horror of the danger now suddenly displayed to them. Its hopelessness also was immediately apparent to them. The water had risen nearly to the knee, and notwithstanding a slight tinge of blood, the swelled and lacerated foot was visible through it, fixed in its iron trap.

"Thank God you are come, gentlemen," said the sufferer; "there is no time to lose. Time and tide wait for no man, as you may see," he laughed hysterically, and executed himself. "Now, gentlemen," he repeated, "I am ready, and shall be happy to give old Father Thames leg-bail."

His mirth, forced and discordant, jarred painfully upon the very heart strings of the surgeons; they looked at each other, and at length one of them observed, that, not being informed of the state of the case, they had not brought their instruments with them.

"What!" cried the skipper shrilly, "unprepared! Then why don't you send for them? Why do you stand gaping at each other? In the name of Almighty God, send, I say!" and he stamped his free foot fiercely in the plashing waters.

"It is to no purpose; we can do nothing for you," said one of the surgeons. There was a strange contrast between the hopeless tenor of this declaration, and the calm, hopeful tone that was habitual to the speaker's professional manner.

"What!" repeated the skipper faintly; "you don't understand me, gentlemen," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "I don't want you to extricate the foot; I want you to cut off the limb—you can do that."

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said the other surgeon; "we cannot perform the operation under the water."

"We cannot!" repeated the skipper. "I tell you, you may—you must. Is a man's life no better than a lighted paper, that you can see it crushed out so coolly? Do you see those ——? But I wont' swear. I say, do you see those waters, gentlemen? Do you know that in another hour they would choke me as I stand?"

"It is quite impossible," repeated the other surgeon. "But can you not remove the foot now?—the cold would shrink it. Try again."

"Ay, try, sir—try again," said Bill; the last time pays for all."

"Are you, too, coward enough to mock the helpless?" said the skipper, sternly; "have I not tried in vain? I sit here a murdered man," he went on, folding his arms; "and if I must die, as my soul lives, I will arraign those men at the bar of the Eternal Judge!"

These words, uttered in a raised voice, reached the ears of the crowd, and, indignant at what, in their ignorant zeal, they considered an unfeeling and reckless disregard of human life, a passionate murmur rose amongst them, mingled with angry exclamations, that were soon wrought up to a fierce excitement that threatened the lives of the surgeons; and amid cries of "Teach them better;" "Give 'em a taste of the mud;" "Show them what drowning is," the man called Dobbs stepped forward, the voluntary organ of the multitude.

The surgeons quietly urged a few words in explanation, which Mr. Dobbs would not hear, much less care to understand.

"No time to lose in talking," he interrupted; "send for your tools. There's the doctor here," pointing to the chemist; "he'll fetch 'em!"

A loud cry from the crowd seconded the *recommendation*, and the skipper, with reviving hope, stood up and resumed his entreaties.

"It would be to no purpose," said the surgeon, whose manner has been particularized, addressing the sufferer. "I am sorry to say we can be of no use to you."

The other surgeon, however, whether wrought upon by his own charitable hope, or by the dangerous excitement of the mob, suggested that it might be taken off at the knee, if the sufferer would consent to the amputation.

"Let me only carry away my life, gentlemen," said the skipper, eagerly, "and mangle me as you please."

The observation was answered by a stifled cheer from the multitude; but Mr. Desford, the first speaker, turned on his professional friend a reproachful glance, only uttering the word "Time" in a low voice, to which the other replied with a movement of disregard, and gave instructions to the chemist to fetch the necessary instruments. The skipper continued to stand; he was now shivering violently from the intense cold of the water in which he was immersed.—Bob had this time accompanied the chemist, in order to hasten him; and Bill having brought their boat up close to his captain, many others followed his example, and the shore, to the river's very edge, was crowded with an anxious multitude of both sexes. Their excitement had reached a feverish height, and every moment was augmenting it; several females had been removed from the front ranks of the mob in violent hysterics, and the deep murmur of the male voices was varied by their occasional sobs; but they perceived Mr. Desford speaking to the sufferer, and there was a deep hush of anxious listening.

"It would be cruel to deceive you with hopes," he said; "if you cannot draw the foot out, no chance of extrication now remains for you—save through the gates of death."

The words were scarcely spoken, when there was a short cry, and one agonized sob from Bill's boat. It was the girl Sal, who had crouched so close to the sufferer, that her cry, in the strange tension of his nerves, seemed to strike him like a blow. He had been stunned, but not convinced, by the surgeon's words; and this aroused him.

"If not at the knee," he asked, with a sinking voice, glancing at the waters, which had now nearly reached that joint, "couldn't you take the limb off at the hip?"

"Impossible!" repeated the surgeon. "It is but cruel to delude you with hope; you must die!"

The skipper heard that calmly spoken but decided doom. He looked to the other surgeon—a dumb and desperate appeal for the renewal of that hope almost dead within him. The surgeon tried to smile an answer, but he turned away his head, and the wreathing lip seemed but a mockery on that face of horror. Well did the victim read it; he sank back in his chair, rather from the relaxation of the limbs, than any voluntary movement. The cries of "shame!" mingled with threats, that followed Mr. Desford's speech, were paralyzed to silence by a cry scarcely human. It was from the skipper. He had scarcely touched the seat of the chair, when he bounded up again. Well might horror change his voice! the chair was afloat, and he had plashed into a bed of water.

"God bless you, captain!" cried Bill, wiping his eyes; "it is but death, after all—why, you've been along side of him thousands of times!"

"It is but *death!*" repeated the sufferer, hollowly; "ay, it is a word to you, but what is it to me!—chained down, with those black waters rising—rising! My God, deliver me!"

A hand gently touched his arm; it was Sal, who, with a pale, earnest face, was gazing at him.

"It is not so very dreadful," she said. "My little brother smiled, and said death did not hurt him. Don't—don't take on so; it is not so very dreadful."

The sufferer's countenance relaxed as he listened.

"Will you do the errand of a dying man?" he asked, gently.

The flood of silent tears she wiped away was her answer; and stooping down, he whispered a few earnest words in her ear, then taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote in it rapidly for a few minutes, and placing it in her hands, said, solemnly:

"Remember, and farewell!"

"I will, I will," replied the girl.

He pressed her arm; then, turning to the surgeon, he said:

"Will you be my executor? You will find here," he continued, understanding the surgeon's expressive silence, "a memorandum of my will, my address, and all particulars necessary; and now pray to God for me in this my struggle."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Ah," he continued, shiveringly, "how *very* cold it is! Brandy, brandy, to thaw this ice at my heart! Brandy, I say!"

"And brandy you shall have, captain!" said Bill, energetically, "or may I live upon ——" and he strided along the boat, to his hurried way, to the shore to fetch it. He soon returned with a bottle and a glass, into which he poured some.

"There, that is sufficient," said the surgeon, checking him.

"Fill up, fill up!" was the skipper's counter-order.

"Would you die drunk?" said Mr. Desford, expostulating with him.

"Ay, ay, captain, you shall have enough of it," cried Bill. "He has a right to do as he pleases," he continued, addressing the surgeon; "it is his own affair, I suppose."

"You would not dare to enter King George's presence, if you were not sober," replied the surgeon; "your captain is going to the King of Kings; would you send him there drunk?"

"No, no, I don't mean that," said Bill, in a subdued tone; "but it's hard to refuse it to a fellow creature, when there's no other comfort left him."

He was interrupted by a cry from the multitude on the shore, announcing the return of the messengers with the surgical instruments; but even the surgeon who had sent for them now showed no thought of using them; the waters had risen several inches above the knee; but the multitude still retaining their belief in the possibility of amputation, the lives of the surgeons were becoming endangered by their desperate excitement. Bill, who saw too clearly that all hope for his captain was gone, suggested that it was advisable that they should, in his own expressive phrase, "bolt" by the way of the river—advice very rapidly taken. The skipper pressed the hand of Mr. Desford when that gentleman grasped his, at his departure, but his eyes roved bewilderedly, and though he echoed the adieu, it was with mechanical indifference. The boat in which the surgeons were standing, was, by the aid of a bribe to the boatmen, almost imperceptibly paddled out of the circle of jolting vessels, and they were soon in the gloomy security of the mid-stream. What need to proceed inch by inch in the description of the approach of that which the reader perceives to be inevitable? Gradually, but surely, those gloomy, those relentless waters stole on; they reached the waist—they covered the shoulders—they drew a cold and strangling circle round the throat—they bubbled from the lips, though the neck was strained in the effort to raise them above the blindly hastening flood. Who shall describe the horror of the multitude, that from the land and from the river looked on powerless, while the mighty waters, like an inevitable fate, swallowed up limb by limb a living being! At length there came one strong, one desperate cry from the sufferer—it was his last; the waters closed over his mouth—they rushed into his nostrils—there was a struggle, a deadly struggle beneath them for a few moments, and then stillness—the stillness of death!

ST. ANTHONY'S FISH-SERMON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

St Anthony, one day,
Found the church empty, Sunday;
So he goes to the river,
A discourse to deliver;
They're ready to listen,
Their tails flap and glisten.

The Carps, the old spawners,
Come out of their corners,
Their mouths widely reaching
To swallow the preaching;
No sermon had ever
With carps found such favor.

The Pikes, sharp-nosed smiters,
Who love to be fighters,
Came swimming and squirming,
In schools, to the sermon;
No preaching had ever
With pikes found such favor.

Then those Fantasts, whose pastime
Is mostly in feast-time,
Came to sermon—those odd fish
The people call codfish—
No preaching found ever
With codfish such favor.

Eels and sturgeons, best livers
Of all in the rivers,
E'en they condescended,
And the sermon attended;
No preaching had ever
With eels found such favor.

Crabs and mud-turtles also,
Who generally crawl so,
From the bottom did hasten
For this once to listen;
No sermon had ever
With crabs found such favor.

Both great fish and small fish,
High, low, in short, all fish,
Their heads were seen rearing,
By God's will, and hearing
Like rational creatures,
That greatest of preachers.

When sermon was ended,
To his business each wended;
The pikes to their thieving;
The eels to good living;
The sermon found favor,
They remained just as ever.

The crab still walks crooked,
The codfish is stupid,
And carps love good eating,
The sermon forgetting;
The sermon finds favor,
They remain just as ever.

☞ Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it.

AMY'S CRUELTY.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Fair Amy of the terraced house,
Assist me to discover
Why you, who would not hurt a mouse,
Can torture so your lover.

"You give your coffee to the cat,
You stroke the dog for coming,
And all your face grows kinder at
The little brown bee's humming.

"But when he haunts your door, (the town
Marks coming and marks going,)
You seem to have stitched your eyelids down,
To that long piece of sewing.

"You never give a look—not you,
Nor drop him a good-morning,
To keep his long day warm and blue,
So fretted by your scorning."

She shook her head.—"The mouse and bee
For crumb or flower will linger;
The dog is happy at my knee,
The cat purrs at my finger.

"But he,—to him the least thing given
Means great things at a distance;
He wants my world, my sun, my Heaven,
Soul, body, whole existence.

"They say Love gives as well as takes;
But I'm a simple maiden,
My mother's first smile, when she wakes,
I still have smiled and prayed in.

"I only know my mother's love,
Which gives all and asks nothing;
And this new love, new [illegible]
[illegible] loathing.

"Unless he give me all in change,
I forfeit all things by him
The risk is terrible and strange—
I tremble, doubt, deny him.

"He's sweetest friend, or hardest foe;
Best angel, or worst devil;
I either hate, or—love him so,
I can't be merely civil.

"You trust a woman who puts forth
Her blossoms thick as summer's?
You think she dreams what love is worth,
Who casts it to new-comers?

"Such love's a cow-slip-ball to fling,
A moment's pretty pastime.
I give—myself, if anything,
The first time and the last time.

"And, neighbor of the trellised house,
A man should murmur never,
Though treated worse than dog or mouse,
Till doted on for ever."

A MARVELLOUS CONJUROR.

The Russians have long exhibited a remarkable taste for juggling and all that smacks of the marvellous. Conjurors, professors of natural magic, ventriloquists, and the entire race of mountebanks, who in France and England astonish the gaping crowds at races and country fairs, ever find a ready welcome and liberal encouragement among the higher classes in the Russian cities. About the beginning of the present century, a species of Cagliostro, or rather a superior kind of Wizard of the North, made his appearance at St. Petersburg, and astonished the natives by his marvellous performances. His name was Pirnetti, and his fame is yet retained in the memory of those who witnessed his unrivalled talents.

The Czar Alexander, having heard Pirnetti much spoken of, was desirous of seeing him, and one day it was announced to the conjuror that he would have the honor of giving a representation of his magical powers at court, the hour fixed for him to make his appearance being seven o'clock. A brilliant and numerous assembly of ladies and courtiers, presided over by the Czar, had met, but the conjuror was absent. Surprised and displeased, the Czar pulled out his watch, which indicated five minutes after seven. Pirnetti had not only failed in being in waiting, but he had caused the court to wait, and Alexander was not more patient than Louis XIV. A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour, and no Pirnetti! Messengers who had been sent in search for him, returned unsuccessful. The anger of the Czar, with difficulty restrained, displayed itself in threatening exclamations. At length, after the lapse of an hour, the door of the saloon opened, and the gentleman of the chamber announced Pirnetti, who presented himself with a calm front and the serenity of one who had nothing to reproach himself with. The Czar, however, was greatly displeased; but Pirnetti assumed an air of astonishment, and replied, with the greatest coolness:

"Did not your majesty command my presence at seven o'clock precisely?"

"Just so!" exclaimed the Czar, at the height of exasperation.

"Well, then," said Pirnetti, "let your majesty deign to look at your watch, and you will perceive that I am exact, and that it is just seven o'clock."

The Czar pulling out his watch violently in order to confound what he considered a piece of downright insolence, was completely amazed.—The watch marked seven o'clock! He looked at the clock of the saloon, which had been twenty times consulted during the space that the assembly were kept waiting; the clock also marked and struck seven o'clock! In turn the courtiers drew out their watches, which were found as usual exactly regulated by that of their sovereign. Seven o'clock! indicated with a common accord all the watches and clocks of the palace. The art of the magician was at once manifest in this strange retrogression in the march of time. To anger succeeded astonishment and admiration. Perceiving that the Czar smiled, Pirnetti thus addressed him: "Your Majesty will pardon me. It was by the performance of this trick that I was desirous of making my first appearance before you. But I know how precious *truth* is at court; it is at least necessary that your watch should tell it to you, sire. If you consult it now you will find that it marks the real time."

The Czar once more drew forth his watch—it pointed to a few minutes past eight—the same rectification had taken place in all the watches of those present, and in the clocks of the palace.—This exploit was followed by others equally amusing and surprising. At the close of the performances, the Czar after having complimented Pirnetti, brought back to his remembrance that, in the course of the evening's amusements he had declared that such was the power of his art that he could penetrate everywhere.

"Yes, sire, everywhere," replied the conjuror, with modest assurance.

"What!" exclaimed the Czar, "could you penetrate even into this palace, were I to order all the doors to be closed and guarded?"

"Into this palace, sire, or even into the apartment of your Majesty, quite as easily as I should enter my own house," said Pirnetti.

"Well, then," said the Czar, "at mid-day tomorrow I shall have ready in my closet the price of this evening's amusement—one thousand roubles. Come and fetch them. But I forewarn you that the doors shall be closed, and carefully guarded."

"To-morrow at mid-day I shall have the honor of presenting myself before your majesty," replied Pirnetti, who bowed and withdrew.

Two gentlemen of the household followed the conjuror to make sure that he quitted the palace, they accompanied him to his lodgings, and a number of the police surrounded the dwelling from the moment he entered it. The palace was instantly closed, with positive orders not to suffer, under any pretext whatever, any one to enter, where he prince or valet, until the Czar himself should command the doors to be opened. These orders were strictly enforced, confidential persons having watched their execution. The exterior openings to the palace were guarded by the soldiery. All the approaches to the imperial apartments were protected by high dignitaries, whom a simple professor of the art of legerdemain possessed no means of bribing. In short, for greater security, all the keys had been carried into the imperial cabinet. A few moments previous to the hour fixed for Pirnetti's interview with the Czar, the chamberlain on service brought to his majesty a despatch which a messenger had handed him through an opening in the door. It was a report from the minister of police that Pirnetti had not left home.

"Aha! he has found out that the undertaking is impracticable, and he has abandoned it," observed the Czar, with a smile.

Twelve o'clock sounded. While the last stroke yet reverberated the door of the Czar to the cabinet opened, and Pirnetti appeared. The Czar drew back a couple of paces, his brow darkened, and after a momentary silence, while fixing a suspicious look on Pirnetti, he said,

"Are you aware that you may become a very dangerous individual?"

"Yes, sire," he replied; "I am only a humble conjuror, with no ambition than that of amusing your majesty."

"Here," said the Czar, "are the thousand roubles for last night, and a thousand more for this day's visit."

Pirnetti, in offering his thanks, was interrupted by the Czar, who, with a thoughtful air inquired of him,

"Do you count on yet remaining some time in St. Petersburg?"

"Sire," he replied, "I intend setting off this week, unless your majesty orders a prolongation of my sojourn."

"No!" hastily observed the Czar, "it is not my intention to detain you; and moreover," continued he with a smile, "I should vainly endeavor to keep you against your will. You know how to leave St. Petersburg as easily as you found your way into this palace."

"I could do so, sire," said Pirnetti; "but far from wishing to quit St. Petersburg a suddenly or mysteriously, I am desirous of quitting it in the most public manner possible, by giving to the inhabitants of your capital a striking example of my magical powers."

Pirnetti could not leave like an ordinary mortal; it was necessary that he should crown his success in the Russian capital by something surpassing his previous efforts; therefore, on the evening preceding the day fixed for his departure he announced that he should leave St. Petersburg the following day at ten o'clock in the morning, and that he should quit by all the city gates at the same moment! Public curiosity was excited to the highest degree by this announcement. St. Petersburg at that time had fifteen gates which were encompassed by a multitude on the witness this marvellous departure.

The spectators at those various gates declared that at ten o'clock, precisely, whom they all perfectly recognized, passed through. "He walked at a slow pace and with head erect, in order to be the better seen," they said: "And he bade us adieu in a clear and audible voice." These unanimous testimonies were confirmed by the written declaration of the officers placed at every gate to inspect the passports of travellers. The inspection of Pirnetti's passport was inscribed in the fifteen registers. Where is this wizard, whether coming from the north or south, who could in these degenerate days perform so astonishing an exploit?

BALLAD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Along the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
Mine eyes of tender tears!

The wild bees hummed about the spot
The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me,
Beneath the evening star!

The same sweet star is o'er me now
Around the same soft hours,
But Alice moulders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers!

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep!

CURIOUS AND LUDICROUS FACTS.—The Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston, in a recent [illegible] says:—

"Certain inhabitants of Moretown, Vt., in order to rid the town of the support of a pauper cripple, feeble in body and mind, induced a man to marry her by the payment of $60 in cash and the promise of $40 in addition. It [illegible] that the would-be, or hired husband [illegible] entertain a special spite against the [illegible] own legal settlement, and hoped that he would, by the marriage, impose the burthen of [illegible] The ceremony took place and the parties lived together about three weeks, when [illegible] abandoned the wife in consummation of [illegible] nal purpose. On her petition for [illegible] nullity, the Court held that the [illegible] wanting in all the essentials of a valid [illegible] 'It was a sham and pretence; and in the petitioner, it was a most flagrant and graceful fraud.'

"It may be remarked here, that [illegible] made by town authorities to get rid of the support of paupers are generally [illegible] and sometimes ludicrous. It is a fact that one of the neighboring States, which had but one pauper, he was *elected* a member of the *Legislature*, and actually took his seat. It may be added, the fact of his being a pauper might not have been known, had not [illegible] introduced to give the bodies of paupers [illegible] geons, which he understanding to mean that the said paupers were alive, [illegible] his real character became known, and [illegible] may be better imagined than described, when he made a solemn appeal to his constituents against such a monstrous law as the one proposed.

☞ "Honesty is the best policy," said a Scotchman to another who had narrowly escaped hanging for robbery. "I know it," the other, "for I have tried both sides of the question."

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Well, the Old Year's term is o'er,
And we greet you all once more!

II.

Not yet gone, but dying slow:
Around him reddens the Christmas glow,
But the gray Old Year must go.
The rootley tale of his reign is known,
And the New Year comes to the throne—
Veiled, like the Caliph of Khorassan,
So close that none his face may scan—
Veiled, bedight in winter-white,
While around him reddens the Christmas light,
And the boisterous boreal trumpets blow—
With a revel of storms and a pomp of snow
And cymbaled chimes, and music-swells,
And the silver clamor of myriad bells,
And bounteous largesse broadly strown,
The New Year comes to the throne.

III.

Peace to the dying Old.
Days of black and days of gold,
Good and evil manifold,
To all of us he gave.—
Half a saint and half a knave—
Ay, so like humanity
The Old Year proved to be!
A twelvemonth since, he took his place
Veiled, like all his ancient race:
His features hid, but day by day
Melted slow the veil away,
And each day, his lineaments—
Plainer, with each day's events,
From the fleeting film outgrew:
Now we see them bared to view,
All incongruous, and bizarre
As the wildest night-dreams are;
Good and ill so blended there
That no mortal can declare
Which prevails, and names the whole,
Or tell the fate of the Old Year's soul!

IV.

None can know if his son and heir
Hides an aspect foul or fair:
Time determines; we can say
As the veil dissolves away.
But, whatever shall accrue,
This we strongly hope for you—
That whate'er of dark or bright—
Things of noon or things of night—
He shall bring may inly shine
With the light of things divine.
And that, in the quick result,
Or the good in ills occult,
Whatsoever things befall
May be happy to you and all!

V.

You and all? shall daring hope
Fold the race within its scope?—
Many a heart with wrong is bowed,
Many a land with war is loud,
And the good that gilds the times
Interblends with griefs and crimes.
Europe's group of nations ground,
Buried under gold and thrones,
As the Titans groaned below
Etna's mountain weight of woe:
Distant—distant seems that day
They shall heave the load away.—
Here, as unrelenting foes
Creeds and parties clash and close,
Whence shall come, our angel saith,
Fair America in death—
Or, her Armageddon o'er,
Calm in victory evermore.—
Seek we still for hopeful gleams?—
Asia lolls in opium-dreams—
Drugged—effete—or if astir
Running mucks of massacre;
And a savage darkness reigns
O'er dead Africa's remains.—
Dove of hope, oh, where for thee
Resting place on the shoreless sea!

VI.

Yet o'er night and death and strife
Sits the mighty Lord of Life;
He that makes each adverse fate
Serve the golden ultimate—
Shatters stars and systems fair
Saves their atoms everywhere—
Lessens realms and laws and lore
That the man be more and more—
Makes the complex public whole
Still subserve the private soul—
Counts all things as implements—
Uses hailed or kept events—
Death, and life, and loss, and gain,
Sweetest joy and bitterest pain—
To exalt from grade to grade
Souls his awful love has made!

VII.

Well we bear with faith like this,
Storm and metamorphosis.—
Sweet through all the dins, we hear
Angel voices chanting cheer.
Joy and sorrow, the private woe,
The public sin, the nation's throe,
Saints in jail and knaves in sway,
Work in the cause of the better Day.
Freedom falls, the Right is scorned,
Fortune fails us, love is mourned,
Dear ones lie in the solemn shroud,
The sunbow fades from the drear, dark cloud,
And life is a tale of weary hours;—
But good in the after time is ours.
Sad experience yields increase
Of deep joy and central peace,
And the keenest sorrows lend
Subtler sweetness to the end.

VIII.

Welcome then to the veiled New Year!
The deep, dark riddle is crystal clear.
Welcome alike to the pleasures and pains.
God reigns!—
All is well and wisely sent;
Let us anchor in content.
All comes from a Father and Friend,
And serves the good end.

SQUIMAUX WEEPING MATCHES.—They weep according to system; when one begins all are expected to join, and it is the office of courtesy for the most distinguished of the company to excite the eyes of the chief mourner. They often succeed by concert for a general weeping. But it happens sometimes that one will break out into tears, and others courteously follow, without knowing at first what is the particular subject of grief. It is not, however, the dead alone who are sorrowed for by such a ceremony. Any other calamity may call for it as well; the failure of a hunt, the snapping of a walrus line, or the death of a dog. Mrs. Eider-duck, see Small Belly, (Egurk,) once looked up at me from her kolupsut, and burst into a gentle gush of woe. I was not informed of her immediate topic of thought, but with remarkable presence of mind I took out my handkerchief—made by Morton out of the body of an unused shirt—and, after wiping her eyes politely, wept a few tears myself. This little passage was soon over; Mrs. Eider-duck returned to her kolupsut, and Nalegak to his note book.—*Dr. Kane.*

GRACELESS IMPATIENCE.—A little girl, not three years of age, while her father was engaged in family prayer, becoming, no doubt, weary at the length of the exercise, and happily recollecting how it always terminated, suddenly shouted out "Amen!" After waiting a moment or two, and observing that this proved ineffectual, she repeated, with more emphasis, "*Amen!*" By this time a smile was creeping over her father's countenance, and, noticing that he hesitated a little, and betrayed a manifest effort to proceed with his devotion, she pleasantly added, "Pa, 'taint you say it?" It is needless to say that the length of the prayer was much shortened.—*New-Advertiser.*

Pictures of Life.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK,
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

The ladies did not appear at lunch. Word was sent down stairs that Miss Childe was "indisposed." I could not by any means get to see Mrs. Rochdale, though I hung about the house all day. Near dark, I received a message that the mistress wanted me.

She was sitting in the dining-room, without lights. She sat as quiet, as motionless, as a carved figure. I dared not speak to her; I trembled to catch the first sound of her voice—my friend, my mistress, my dear Mrs. Rochdale!

"Martha!"

"Yes, madam."

"I wish, Martha"—and there the voice stopped.

I hardly know what prevented my saying or doing, on the impulse, things that the commonest instinct told me, the moment afterwards, ought to be said and done by no one—certainly not by me—at this crisis, to Mrs. Rochdale. So, with an effort, I stood silent in the dim light—as silent and motionless as herself.

"I wish, Martha"—and her voice was steady now—"I wish to send you on a message, which requires some one whom I can implicitly trust."

My heart was at my lips; but of course I only said, "Yes, madam."

"I want you to go down to the village, to the—the young person at the baker's shop."

"Nancy Hine."

"Is that her name? Yes, I remember: Nancy Hine. Bring her here—to the manor-house; without observation, if you can."

"To-night, madam?"

"To-night. Make any excuse you choose; or rather, make no excuse at all. Say Mrs. Rochdale wishes to speak to her."

"Any thing more?" I asked softly, after a considerable pause.

"Nothing more. Go at once, Martha."

I obeyed implicitly. Much as this my mission had surprised, nay, startled me, I knew Mrs. Rochdale always did what was wisest, best to do, under the circumstances. Also, that her combined directness of purpose and strength of character often led her to do things utterly unthought of by a weaker or less single-hearted woman.

Though a misty September moonlight, I walked blindly on in search of Nancy Hine.

She was having a lively gossip at the bake-house-door. The fire showed her figure plainly. Her large rosy arms, whitened with flour, were crossed over her decent working-gown. People allowed—even the most censorious—that Nancy was, in her own home, an active industrious lass, though too much given to dress of Sundays, and holding herself rather above her station every day.

"Nancy Hine, I want to speak with you a minute."

"Oh, do you, Martha Stretton? Speak out, then. No secrets here."

Her careless, not to say rude, manner irritated me. I just turned away and walked down the village. I had not gone many yards when Nancy's hand was on my shoulder; and with a loud laugh at my sudden start, she pulled me by a back door into the shop.

"Now then?"

The baker's daughter folded her arms in a rather defiant way. Her eyes were bright and open. There was in her manner some excitement, coarseness, and boldness; but nothing unvirtuous—nothing to mark the fallen girl whom her neighbors were pointing the finger at. I could not loathe her quite as much as I had intended.

"Now then?" she repeated.

I delivered Mrs. Rochdale's message, word for word.

Nancy seemed a good deal surprised—not shocked, or alarmed, or ashamed—merely surprised.

"Wants me, does she? Why?"

"She did not say."

"But you guess, of course. Well, who cares? Not I."

Yet her brown, handsome face changed color. Her hands nervously fidgeted about—taking off her apron, "making herself decent," as she called it. Suddenly she stopped.

"Has there been any letter—any news—from young Mr. Rochdale?"

"I believe there has; but that is no business of—"

"Mine, you mean, eh? Come, don't be so sharp, Martha Stretton. I'll go with you, only let me put on my best bonnet first."

"Nancy Hine," I burst out, "do you think it can matter to Mrs. Rochdale whether you go in a queen's gown or a beggar's rags, except that the rags might suit you best? Come just as you are."

"I will," cried Nancy, glaring in my face; "and you, Martha, keep a civil tongue, will you? My father's daughter is as good as yours, or your mistress's either. Get out o' the shop. I'll follow 'ee. I bean't afeard."

That broad accent—broadening as she got angry—those abrupt awkward gestures!—what could the young squire, his mother's son, who had lived with that dear mother all his days, have seen attractive in Nancy Hine?

But similar anomalies of taste have puzzled, and will puzzle, every body—especially women, who in their attachments generally see clearer and deeper than men—to the end of time.

Nancy Hine walked in sullen taciturnity to the manor-house. It was already late—nearly all the household were gone to bed. I left the young woman in the hall, and went up to Mrs. Rochdale.

She was sitting before her dressing-room fire absorbed in thought. In the chamber close by—in the large state-bed which Mrs. Rochdale always occupied, where generations of Rochdales had been born and died—slept the gentle girl whose happiness had been so cruelly betrayed. For that the engagement was broken, and for sufficient cause, Mr. Rochdale's answer, or rather non-answer, to his mother's plain letter made now certain, almost beyond a doubt.

"Hush; don't wake her," whispered Mrs. Rochdale, hurriedly. "Well, Martha?"

"The young woman—shall I bring her, madam?"

"What, here?"

Words cannot describe the look of repulsion, hatred horror, which for a moment darkened Mrs. Rochdale's face. Perhaps the noblest human being, either man or woman, is born, not passionless, but with strong passions to be subjected to firm will. If at that moment—one passing moment—she could have crushed out of existence the girl who had led away her son—(for she was older than he, and "no fool")—I think Mrs. Rochdale would have done it.

The next instant she would have done nothing of the kind; nothing that a generous Christian woman might not do.

She rose up, saying, quietly,

"The young person cannot come here, Martha. Bring her into—let me see—into the drawing-room."

There, entering a few minutes after, we found Mrs. Rochdale seated on one of the velvet couches, just in the light of the chandelier.

I do not supose Nancy Hine had ever been in such a brilliant, beautiful room before. She was apparently quite stunned and dazzled by it; curtsied humbly, and stood with her arms wrapped up in her shawl, vacantly gazing about her.

Mrs. Rochdale spoke,

"Nancy Hine, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, my lady. That is—um—yes, ma'am, my name is Nancy."

She came a little forward now, and lifted up her eyes more boldly to the sofa. In fact, they both regarded each other keenly and long—the lady of the manor and the village girl.

I observed that Mrs. Rochdale had resumed her usual evening dress, and that no trace of mental disorder was visible in her apparel—scarcely even in her countenance.

"I sent for you, Nancy Hine—(Martha, do not go away, I wish that there should be a witness of all that passes between this young woman and myself)—I sent for you on account of certain reports, more injurious to your character, if possible, than even to that of—the other person. Are you aware what reports I mean?"

"Yes, my lady, I be."

"That is an honest answer, and I like honesty," said Mrs. Rochdale, after a prolonged gaze at the face, now scarlet with wholesome blushes, of the baker's daughter. With a half-sigh of relief, she went on.

"You must be also aware that I, as the mother of—that other person, can have but one motive in sending for you here,—namely, to ask a question which I more than any one else have a right to ask, and to have answered. Do you understand me?"

"Some'at."

"Nancy," she resumed, after another long gaze, as if struck by something in the young woman different from what she had expected, and led thereby to address her differently from what she had at first intended,—"Nancy, I will be plain with you. It is not every lady—every mother, who would have spoken with you as I speak now, without anger or blame—only wishing to get from you the truth. If I believed the worst—if you were a poor girl whom my son had—had wronged, I would still have pitied you. Knowing him and now looking at you, I do not believe it. I believe you may have been foolish, light of conduct; but not guilty. Tell me—do tell me—" and the mother's agony broke through the lady's calm and dignified demeanor—"one word to assure me it is so!"

But Nancy Hine did not utter that word. She gave a little faint sob, and then dropped her head with a troubled awkward air, as if the presence of Lemuel's mother—speaking so kindly, and looking her through and through—was more than she could bear.

That poor mother, whom this last hope had failed, to whom her only son now appeared not only as a promise breaker, but the systematic seducer of a girl beneath his own rank—between whom and himself could exist no mental union, no false gloss of sentiment to cover the foulness of mere sensual passion—that poor mother sank back, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain henceforth shut out from her sight the whole world.

After a while, she forced herself to look at the girl once more,—who, now recovering from her momentary remorse, was busy casting admiring glances, accompanied with one or two curious smiles, around the drawing-room.

"From your silence, young woman, I must conclude that I was mistaken; that—but I will spare you. You will have enough to suffer. There now remains only one question which I desire—which I am compelled—to ask: How long has this—this"—she seemed to choke over the unuttered word—"lasted?"

"Dunnot know what you mean."

"I must speak plainer, then. How long, Nancy Hine, have you been my son's—Mr. Rochdale's—mistress?"

"Not a day—not an hour," cried Nancy, violently, coming close to the sofa. "Mind what you say, Mrs. Rochdale. I'm an honest girl. I'm as good as you. I'm Mr. Rochdale's *wife!*"

Mr. Rochdale's mother sat mute, and watched the girl take from a ribbon round her neck a ring—an unmistakable wedding-ring, and slip it with a determined push on her large working-woman's finger. This done, she thrust it right in the lady's sight.

"GATHERING AS IT GOES;" OR, THE MONSTER SNOWBALL. A JANUARY SCENE.

"Look'ee, what do'ee say to that? He put it there. All your anger cannot take it off. I am Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, your son's wife."

"Ah!" shrinking from her. But the next minute the true womanly feeling came into the virtuous mother's heart. "Better this—than—what they said. Better a thousand times. Thank God!"

With a sigh, long and deep, she sat down, and again covered her eyes, as if trying to realise the amazing—impossible truth. Then she said slowly, "Martha, I think this"—she hesitated what name to give Nancy; finally gave no name at all—"I think she had better go away."

Nancy, quite awed and moved—all her boldness gone, was creeping out of the room after me, when Mrs. Rochdale called us back.

"Stay; at this hour of the night it is not fitting that—my son's wife—should be out alone. Martha, ask your father to see her safe home."

The baker's daughter turned at the door, and said, "Thank'ee, my lady;" but omitted her curtsey this time.

And Mrs. Rochdale had found her daughter-in-law!

* * * * * * * * *

Ere we well knew what had happened, the whole dynasty at the manor-house was changed. Mrs. Rochdale was gone; she left before her son returned from Scotland, and did not once see him. Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, late Nancy Hine, was installed as lady of the manor.

Such a theme for gossip had not been vouchsafed our county for a hundred years. Of a surety they canvassed it over—talked it literally threadbare.

Mrs. Rochdale escaped it fortunately. She went abroad with Sir John and Miss Childe. All the popular voice was with her and against her son. They said he had killed that pretty gentle creature—who, however, did not die, but lived to suffer—perhaps better still, to overcome suffering; that he had broken his noble mother's heart. Few of his old friends visited him; not one of their wives visited his wife. He had done that which many "respectable" people are more shocked at than at any species of profligacy.—he had made a low marriage.

Society was hard upon him, harder than he deserved. At least they despised him and his marriage for the wrong cause. Not because his wife was, when he chose her, a woman thoroughly beneath him in education, tastes, and feelings—because from this inferiority it was impossible he could have felt for her any save the lowest and most degrading kind of love—but simply because she was a village girl—a baker's daughter!

Sir John Childe said to Lemuel's mother, in a lofty compassion, the only time he was ever known to refer to the humiliating and miserable occurrence, "Madam, whatever herself might have been, the disgrace would have been lightened had your son not married a person of such low origin. Shocking!—a baker's daughter!"

"Sir John," said Mrs. Rochdale, with dignity, "if my son had chosen a woman suitable and worthy of being his wife, I would not have minded had she been the daughter of the meanest laborer in the land."

* * * * * * * * *

"Miss Martha!" called out our rector's wife to me one day, "is it true, that talk I hear of Mrs. Rochdale's coming home?"

"Quite true, I believe."

"And where will she come to? Not to the manor-house?"

"Certainly not." I fear there was bitterness in my tone, for the good old lady looked at me reprovingly.

"My dear, the right thing for us in this world is to make the very best of that which, having happened, was consequently ordained by Providence to happen. And we often find the worst things not so bad, after all. I was truly glad today to hear that Mrs. Rochdale was coming home."

"But not home to *them*—not to the manor-house. She will take a house in the village. She will never meet them, any more than when she was abroad."

"But she will hear of them. That does great good sometimes."

"When there is any good to be heard."

"I have told you, Martha, and I hope you have told Mrs. Rochdale, that there is good. When first I called on Mrs. Lemuel, it was simply in my character as the clergyman's wife, doing what I believed my duty. I found that duty easier than I had expected."

"Because she remembered her position—"

("Her former position, my dear," corrected Mrs. Wood—"because she showed off no airs and graces, but was quiet, humble, and thankful, as became her, for the kindness you thus showed."

"Because of that, and something more. Because the more I have seen of her, the more I feel, that though not exactly liked, she is to be respected. She has sustained tolerably well a most difficult part—that of an ignorant person suddenly raised to wealth; envied and abused by her former class, utterly scouted and despised by her present one. She has had to learn to comport herself as mistress where she was once an equal, and as an equal where she used to be an inferior. I can hardly imagine a greater trial, as regards social position."

"Position? She has none. No ladies, except yourself, will visit her. Why should they?"

"My dear, why should they not? A woman who since her marriage has conducted herself with perfect propriety, befitting the sphere to which she was raised; has lived retired, and forced herself into no one's notice; who is, whatever be her shortcomings in education and refinement of character, a good wife, a kind mistress—"

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because her husband is rarely absent a day from home; because all her servants have remained with her, and spoken well of her, these five years."

I could not deny these facts. They were known to the whole neighborhood. The proudest of our gentry were not wicked enough to shut their eyes to them, even when they contemptuously stared at Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, driving drearily about in long summer afternoons in her lonely carriage, with not a single female friend to pay a morning visit to, or suffer the like infliction from;—not even at church, when quizzing her large figure and heavy gait—for she had not become more sylph-like with added years—they said she was growing quite "crumbie," like her father's loaves, and wondered she would persist in wearing the finest bonnets of all the congregation.

Nay, even I, bitter as I was, really pitied her, one sacrament-day, when she unwittingly advanced to the first "rail" of communicants; upon which all the other "respectable" Christians hung back till the second. After that the Rochdales were not seen again at the communion. Who could marvel?

It was noticed, by some to his credit, by others as a point for ridicule, that her husband always treated her, abroad and at home, with respect and consideration. Several times a few hunting neighbors, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress's place at the table, in a grave, taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the *ci-devant* Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father he had ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly—in a comfortable and honorable bedroom at the manor-house, too—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honorable head-stone to the memory of "Mr. Daniel Hine;" "baker" was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could "carry nothing" else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs. Rochdale came home—to the only house in the neighborhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the county; but she briefly said that she "preferred" living there.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father—still Mr. Rochdale's steward—was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible and probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor-house was at Thorpe church; and she attended a chapel-of-ease in the next parish, which was, as she said, "nearer." She fell into her old habits of charity—her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one, far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs. Rochdale did not look happy. She had grown much older—was decidedly "an elderly lady" now. Instead of her fair calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, "he may come to see his mother." But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment towards him. That, I thought, was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him—most mothers would; but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what?—Lemuel's childish muslin-frocks, his boyish cloth-cap, his fishing rod, and an old book of flies.

After that, who could believe his mother "implacable?"

Yet she was certainly a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgments; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and intrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing at the school-house-door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

"Oh, mother, the squire's thrown, and killed."

"Killed!" Oh, that shriek! May I never live to hear such another.

The tale, we soon found, was incorrect: Mr. Rochdale had only been stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally. But—his poor mother!

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Once upon a time, I had the pleasure of spending a day and night with the family of Mrs. Fearful. Soon after my arrival I was informed that they had had a "warning" that somebody was coming, because Mrs. Fearful dropped a fork in the morning and the tines stuck in the floor; at breakfast, the warning was confirmed by Miss Angelica, who chanced to help herself to a piece of bread before she had eaten a piece previously on her plate. Then there were sundry "people" swarming about in her tea, and one of them looked very much like myself.

At dinner, our joy was turned into sorrow by the unfortunate upsetting of a salt dish with the contents towards me. All protested that in spite of the salt they would not break friendship with me, and Miss Angelica, in order to make the matter doubly sure, threw some of it into the fire.

During the afternoon little Emma came in from play, when it was discovered that some of the children had turned her frock the other side out; but as the turning it back would be a very bad sign, she was compelled to wear it in this manner during the remainder of the day, much to her mortification, though she was consoled with the assurance that the witches could not plague her while she had a garment on wrong side out. Passing into the garden, we observed horse-shoes nailed over several doors, which Angelica assured us were a final bar to all gnomes, spooks, hobgoblins, and witches in general.

At this declaration I had the impoliteness to laugh so heartily that Angelica was forced to join me, when taking her handkerchief suddenly from her pocket, out flew several small bones, which upon inquiry I learned were the famous "lucky bones" of fishes' heads. Poor fish! thought I, all your lucky bones did not save you from the hook.

Night came, the doors were all bolted and barred, the windows made fast, the kitchen floor nicely sanded and swept to detect the entrance of ghosts as they must of necessity leave tracks on the sand. When everything was secure, I was cautiously shown to my room, with the apprehension expressed by Mrs. Fearful that *something* would happen to *somebody*, before morning, for Jowler was heard to howl with his face towards the east, which howl was answered by a screech owl in the wood back of the house. A whip-poorwill, too, came so near the house just in the dusk of evening, that Angelica said she was really afraid it would alight and sing on the door-step. However, the old lady bade me be of good courage, spite of all these bad signs and try to get some rest.

Angelica left me at the top of the stairs, and I almost fancied I heard the light footfalls of ghosts close at my heels as I opened the door into my imagination-haunted chamber. Disrobing myself, I was soon in bed, but turning over to get rid of the thought of witches, and find a comfortable napping-place, I discovered some hard substance under my pillow. Lifting my head and placing my hand beneath it, I soon drew out a well oiled, silver-mounted bridle, bits, check-rein and all, which by the dim light of the picked-down lamp—for Mrs. Fearful would on no account have me think of "getting through the night" in the dark—I knew at once to belong to the carriage harness. Knowing that Mr. F——— and his wife were to start at an early hour the next morning on a visit to a neighboring city, and supposing some rogue of a boy had hidden the "head stall" to vex the fearful old gentleman, I immediately called out, "Angelica! Angelica!" at the top of my voice, which was rendered almost unintelligible, by my endeavors to repress a burst of laughter.

Angelica, with Mrs. Fearful and Jowler in her train, were soon at my bed-room door.

"Ah," said the old lady, "I thought something would—"

"Here, come round here, ha! ha! ha!" cried I, as I shook the bridle at them, "see what a trick George has served you."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Angelica, looking as pale as a withered lily, "do for pity's sake put the bridle back, or you will have the nightmare!"

"Then I'll hitch her to the bed post," said I, "and lead her down to breakfast in the morning."

At this solemn and irreverent declaration, Mrs. Fearful, Angelica, Jowler and the bridle vanished, and I went to sleep.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE FOUNDER OF YALE COLLEGE.—Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, in New Haven, died in 1724, and was buried at the Church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, in Asia wed;
Where long he lived, and thrived, in London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even.
And that his soul, through mercy, 's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare.
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

It is recorded that Mr. Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and, becoming wealthy, obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with a most oppressive authority. He caused his groom to be hanged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped punishment, except a heavy fine.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—The subjoined epitaph is copied from a tombstone in a Hospital Graveyard at Norwich, England:—"In memory of Mrs. Phœbe Crowe, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years; who, during forty-nine years' practice as a midwife in this city, brought into the world nine thousand seven hundred and thirty children."

LATE FROM EUROPE.

FALL OF HERAT, &c.

The Cunard steamer Europa with dates from Liverpool to the 13th ult., arrived at New York on the 27th.

The fall of Herat is confirmed. It surrendered to the Persian General, Moorad Shafee, on the 26th of October. The English troops had arrived in the Persian Gulf.

A despatch from Vienna states that France is mediating between the belligerents, endeavoring to persuade Persia to yield to England. Ferekh Khan had conferred with Lord Radcliffe.

War was proclaimed against Persia, at Calcutta, on the first of November, and the last division of the fleet for the Persian Gulf left Bombay on the 13th of November.

With regard to the recent attempt at the regicide of King Bomba of Naples, a letter from that region to the Paris Moniteur, dated Nov. 29th, says:

"Yesterday, when about half the troops at the review had passed before the king, a private of the Foot Chasseurs quitted the ranks, and rushed on the king with fixed bayonet. A colonel of the Hussars rode at the assassin, and knocked him over beneath his horse. He was at once made prisoner. The king, without manifesting emotion, continued the review; and the princess and the court, who were but a few paces off, preserved the same demeanor. It was only after having returned to the palace that his majesty acknowledged he was slightly hurt on the side. The assassin is a Calabrese, and had entered the army as a volunteer."

News from the Arctic Regions.—The London Times of the 11th ultimo, says:—A crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held on Monday last.

Captain Sherard Osborn reported that he had just heard from Captain Cator, formerly of her majesty's ship Intrepid, Conservator of the Humber, that Captain Parker of the Truelove, announces that the Esquimaux had large sledges of wood, which they had got from a ship that had been broken up on the beach, and that there was another vessel pressed up in the ice, but not yet broken up, down Prince Regent Inlet. The wood the sledges were made of had tree-nail holes. These natives frequent Pond Bay, in Baffin Strait. Capt. Osborn believes these vessels to be two more of the deserted squadron.

The Liverpool Mercury of Dec. 12, says:—The Arctic discovery ship Resolute is daily expected at Portsmouth from New York, and in the spirit of international good-will, which has in this matter been shown by the United States, the Town Council of Portsmouth has resolved that a public banquet shall be given to the officers of the American Navy who are in charge of the vessel.

Commercial Intelligence.—Liverpool Cotton market is reported by the Brokers' Weekly Circular, as having been slightly affected downwards by the American advices, but was again rendered firm by the good business done in Manchester, and the quotations of last week were fully supported.

Of Breadstuffs prices have undergone a slight reaction since Friday last, and with a very limited demand. Wheat has given way 2d to 3d per 70 lbs., and Flour 6d to 1s per bbl. Indian Corn maintains about previous rates. Good Western Flour 31 to 32s per bbl; Baltimore and Philadelphia 31 and 32s 6d; extra Ohio 34 to 35s. Red Wheat 8 to 9s 5d; white 8 to 9s 6d per 70 lbs. Indian Corn, mixed, 35s; yellow 33s 6d; white 34s 6d per 480 lbs. Beef reported unchanged, and in retail only. Pork quiet, the stock being chiefly of low quality. The small arrivals of new Bacon sell in retail at about 56s per cwt for ordinary; 58 to 63s has been paid for small lots. Tallow firm, about 39s per cwt. Common Rosin was not so active; sales 3,000 bbls at 4s 7d to 4s 9d. Ashes nominally 50s for both sorts, but to effect sales considerably less would be taken. Spirits of Turpentine dearer; 38s 6d to 40s. Linseed Oil in good demand at 39 to 39s 6d per cwt. No sales of Whale or Sperm; Olive Oil in good demand. Rice firm; 25 to 37s per cwt. Sugar active. Coffee unchanged.

The Money Market remained tolerably easy, but the Bank of England has not relaxed the screw any further. Consols lower, closing 93¾ to ¾.

There has been a good demand for American securities during the week, with more inquiry for Railroad Bonds, particularly those of the Illinois Central, in which business had been done at improved prices.

The Newly Invented War Engine.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce alluding to the "Infernal Machine," which Gen. Walker's friends have recently purchased for his army in Nicaragua, thus explains its efficiency and deadly instrumentality:—

In form it resembles a small grindstone, turned by a crank, and will discharge three hundred one-ounce balls every minute, attended by only two men. Every machine is calculated to destroy three regiments of soldiers in the same space of time. It can be directed with the same ease as a common rifle is handled.

The inventor, a Yankee, is now in England experimenting before the Admiralty, and a great many old Generals, of all countries, who evince much interest, and have written him letters expressive of their wonder and astonishment. One distinguished Polish General expresses himself to the inventor, "that as soon as this deadly weapon becomes in use, wars and rumors of war must cease." The gun, or machine, discharges without report, and sends the ball three times the distance of the ordinary rifle or cannon, as the case may be. The British Government has offered the inventor £200,000 sterling, if he can enlarge his machine to discharge a sixty-four pound shot. This he is now doing, and informs his agent here he shall accomplish it. The Russian Minister, at London, is anxious for the patent, and has offered him his price; but he says to his friends, "I mean no other nation shall have it, but England, and my own country."

Previous to his going to Europe, he offered the right to the American Government at Washington. Experiments were made with one ounce and seven pound canonades, before our naval and other officers, by order of the Secretary of State, which proves all I have related above and to the entire satisfaction of those present. One of these "infernal machines," placed upon the deck of a vessel, one of the Commodores remarked, "would sink a frigate in three minutes." Such a constant discharge of balls, just as fast as they can be handled and rolled in, with the accuracy they can be directed, must inevitably destroy all before it, besides the great distance and out of danger of the enemy's guns.

One of the Tragedies of Life.—A German, named Charles Schaffer, residing on the road between Newark and Irvington, N. J., committed suicide on Sunday week. He had a quarrel with his wife in the morning, and hearing that she was about having him arrested, he gave a neighbor his bank book, pocket-book, and a letter stating that he intended to shoot a certain other neighbor and then kill himself. He went and called out the person referred to and shot at him, but missed him. He then went home, shut himself up in his house and blew out his own brains. Deceased owned considerable property near Irvington. The following is a copy of the letter to his wife left by Schaffer:

Dearest of My Life: Here I send you the last I have and what I can do. You have never rested until I put an end to my life, which was your most sincere wish. So that you see I love you dearly, it shall be done. Take this bank-book, and my pocket-book with the last dollar. Let my shop bill be settled. I have $28 coming to me, which belongs to you. It is my last will to kill our Cæsar (a dog). It is harder to me than to kill myself. I have seen your last scandal which you transacted on me. I forgive it all to you, that you may see I love you well. By God, I love you passionately. I could not live without you. You was my dearest on earth, and you have rewarded my love shamefully. Your wish was to kill me, and it is done. Don't make yourself any remorse about it, that you have killed me. I forgive you all, and die with joy to put an end to my sickness. Since 15 years already the wish has worked it to me to take my life. But the love to you, dearest of my heart, has always kept it to me. Oh! the sweet word, dearest, makes it hard for me to die. Lizette, what have you done? Farewell forever! Farewell! and once more, dearest of my heart, farewell! Your loving till death. Charles Schaffer.

P. S.—My sorrowful sickness was all for which you ever alone doomed me.

Several of the railroads in Wisconsin are blockaded with snow to the depth of from six to ten feet.

The N. O. Picayune says:—"We were yesterday credibly informed, by a gentleman who resides near the spot, that in September last, the well known pecan tree, under which the remains of Gen. Pakenham were buried, a few miles below this city, was broken off, thirty feet above ground, by a gale of wind, and a cannon-ball, fired from the British lines during the battle, was found imbedded just where the trunk broke off. Thus it was that the brave Briton slept under one

NEWS ITEMS.

A Spunky Young Lady.—A young lady at the South End, says our Newburyport correspondent, of some considerable personal attractions, accepted a wager, on Saturday last, to wheel a half bushel of beans from the store of the individual who made the wager, to his dwelling house. The young lady delivered the beans in good shape, and won the bet.—*Boston Trav.*

On her way across the Isthmus from California, Lola Montes saved a boy belonging to Walker's army, who was sick with fever, and placed him on her own mule, while she attempted to walk to Virgin Bay.

Mrs. Polk not to Marry Mr. Buchanan.—The Nashville Union, doubtless by authority, contradicts the report that Mrs. Ex-President Polk was about entering into wedlock with the President elect. It says:—"Our knowledge of the lady warrants us in saying that, though Mr. Buchanan were ten times President, there would be no truth in the report. The editor was in want of a paragraph who started it."

The engineer, Cherry, of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, whose locomotive ran into the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad cars, a week or two since, went down yesterday to Alliance, and surrendered himself to the local authorities. The coroner's jury decided that he was principally to blame for the accident.—*Cleve. Her.*

A Vote for the Pope.—We notice that the State Canvassers, in their official votes cast in Ohio for President, make the following return in the list of "Scattering"—*The Pope of Rome received One Vote!* Oneida county has the credit of giving Pius Ninth this single complimentary ballot.

On Long Island, while the western shore is increasing by deposit and drift, the eastern extremity is yielding to the waves. Many farms, the deeds of which are recorded in the county clerk's office, are out several miles from the present shore, deep buried in the Atlantic Ocean.

It is said that the "Grand Turk" is averse to the building of a railroad to Constantinople, in case it should afford too great a facility for the running off of the Sultanas, and thus break up the harems. The Turks are a harem scarem race.

Important Computation.—It has been found by different railroad companies in England, that the wear and tear of engines, generally, is nearly in a direct ratio with the consumption of fuel. The Manchester and Leeds Company have paid particular attention to this, and they find that the wear and tear follows in nearly a direct ratio

M. Emile de Girardin has sold his interest in the Paris "Presse," to M. Millaud, a banker. M. de Girardin was the founder and principal proprietor of the paper. He possessed forty 100ths of the shares, and has a salary of 30,000f. as redacteur-in chef. The terms are—for the forty shares, 800,000f., and for the editorship, 150,000f., making, together, the very handsome sum of 950,000f. After the example of persons in meaner callings, he enters into a covenant not to exercise his trade as a journalist in Paris.

An extraordinary event occurred a few days since in the Rue Pagevin, Paris. As a police officer was walking along something very heavy fell on his shoulders, and for a moment almost stunned him. When he recovered, he found, to his surprise, a little girl, about ten years old, clinging to his head, with an expression of the most profound terror. The child, it appeared, had overbalanced herself whilst looking out of the window of the apartments of her parents on the second story, and, falling out, had fortunately alighted on the police-agent. It turned out that she sustained no injury.

Excavations have been carried on for five years past at a cairn, 250 feet in height, situated near Alexandropol, (Russia,) and numerous articles of gold, silver, bronze, and clay, as also of iron shafts and rods, nails, skeletons of horses, and ornaments of gold, have been brought to light. The cairn is supposed to be the catacomb of some of the Scythian kings.

Letters from Liberia state that the culture of sugar has been carried on so prosperously that several sugar growers are talking about exporting it largely to the United States. One of them named Richardson, expects to ship two hundred hogsheads of sugar of his first grinding.

The South Carolina Legislature has altered the law of that State relative to negro sailors on board vessels arriving at that port. They are not to be imprisoned hereafter, but must not leave their ships.

The value of Chinese Coolies in Cuba has gone up from $102 to $276 in five years, and four hundred and seventy-three were landed at Chucas lately. The contractors were about to put screw-steamers on for the trade.

The Albany Transcript gives an account of some ingenious villain in that city, who is filling his pockets by pretending to sell, but not actually selling, counterfeit coin. It seems that, having first baited with a circular, he sends *good* coin to the applicants at his shop, who, having bought a small lot, and found it to pass without objection, sends fifty or sixty dollars for a larger supply, which he coolly pockets and shuts down the gate, leaving his fellow-knaves to whistle for their money.

The financial circular of Messrs. Sweeney, Rittenhouse, Fant & Co., says that the President having brought into market 1,500,000 acres of land lying in the north of Iowa, has given rise to an active demand in land warrants. The circular quotes an advance of three cents per acre. Warrants of 120 acres are selling at 92. Those of 160 and 190 acres are selling at 96.

A committee, appointed to examine into the grounds of the reported negro insurrection in Harrison county, Texas, found "no evidence of any concert of action, or any definite ideas among the negroes of what they intended to do." There had been some "loose talk," based upon the "belief that they would be free if Fremont was elected."

We learn that the track on the North Pennsylvania Railroad is now laid from Philadelphia to the Lehigh. After it has been properly adjusted, the road will be opened for travel. It is probable that the regular trains will begin to run about January 1st.

A Handsome Donation.—At the recent laying of the corner stone of Pilgrim Church, in London, England, a note was read from Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, Mass., enclosing £100, and promising another £100 hereafter towards the erection of the building. The church was established at the suggestion of her late husband while minister to England.

All Gone.—Of the 26 members of the famous Hartford Convention, every one has passed to his grave.

A severe test of the strength of the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls was afforded by the gale on the evening of the 13th ultimo, when the toll-gatherers deserted their posts at either end, and crowds assembled to see it fall; but it stood like a rock.

Deceased.—On the 10th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah B. Scott, the last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, died at Seven Island, Halifax county, Va., in her 77th year.

Lake Disasters for 1856.—The Detroit (Mich.) Tribune says:—"Enough is now known to lead to the belief that the losses upon the Lakes for the season just closing amount to over *four million dollars*, and the loss of life to 350. In 1848 the losses were $404,880; in 1849 $341,250; in 1850 $544 440; in 1851 $730,515; in 1852 $991,015; in 1853 $854,850; in 1854, $2,187,825; in 1855 $2,797,839.

The boot, shoe and leather trade of the city of Boston, have subscribed the sum of $20,000 to the stock of the New England Emigrant Aid Co. They intend to invest it in the purchase of two saw-mills, and in making improvements wherever they are erected. For, as soon as a saw-mill is erected, a population flocks around it—takes up claims, builds houses, establishes stores, and thus a community is instantly organized.

A few weeks since, two children of one of our physicians were attacked with scarlatina, and during their illness had for pets a couple of kittens. Both the kittens subsequently had all the symptoms of scarlatina, one of them dying, the other narrowly escaping. A canary bird, whose cage hung in the room, also died with all the symptoms of the same disease.—*Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.*

Christmas Eve in New York.—An interesting service was held in Trinity Church, New York, on Christmas Eve. Just after the evening service about a hundred poor children were mustered in the tower of the church, and furnished with a sumptuous banquet, under the supervision of Rev. Dr. Hawks, the Provisional Bishop, and a number of the clergy. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens, Christmas trees, etc. Appropriate addresses were made, and the whole scene was one of most pleasing imagin-

Next Census—Illinois Representatives.—According to the vote of November, the four Northern Districts of Illinois are more than populous enough to form two Districts each, thus giving them eight Representatives, instead of four. The five central and Southern Districts also will be entitled to eight. After the next census and apportionment, Illinois will certainly have not less than 18 members of Congress, and perhaps more.

The above, which we take from the Indianapolis Sentinel, is suggestive of the remarkable growth in political power, the "North-West" has made since the last apportionment in 1850. According to present appearances, the representation of the North-West in the next House of Representatives may be set down about as follows, provided there is no material increase of the ratio:

Ohio,	23 members.
Indiana,	15 "
Illinois,	18 "
Michigan,	8 "
Iowa,	7 "
Wisconsin,	7 "
Total,	78 "

In the present Congress these States have but fifty-one members. The prospects are, that the six North-Western States will have about one-third of the whole number of Representatives in the Union, and also of the electoral votes. They will probably exceed in power the great States of New York and New England

Col. Benton and the New Englanders.—The colonel attended the Pilgrim Father celebration at New York recently, and made a speech much to the satisfaction of his auditory. He spoke of New England and his recent visit there in glowing terms. He alluded to the operatives in the various factories which he visited, the perfection of the machinery, and the cleanliness which pervaded every department. Another thing struck the colonel with surprise. He says:

"I went also through the boarding-houses, and there all my ideas were reversed, for I had before supposed that the operatives in New England, as in Old England, were living in small, narrow, confined and uncomfortable buildings, with poor food. But, on the contrary, I found them—I say it without disparagement to anybody—situated as well as members of Congress are at Washington City. (Applause.) They were in large, stately and elegant buildings, in long rows, and entered in the same manner in which you enter the parlor in Washington, by ringing a bell at the entrance. In the parlor there was furniture equal to that which can be found in Congress boarding-houses."

Col. Benton is so much pleased with New England that he announced his purpose to return there, and still further enjoy the hospitality and mingle with the people. He saw a great many things that surprised him. He found the young women in the factories attractive and comely—modest without being bashful, confident without assurance, and quite intelligent. Col. B. was greatly pleased.

The Sphygmoscope.—A London physician has invented a noble instrument, called the sphygmoscope, for indicating the movements of the heart. The instrument consists of a small chamber filled with spirits of wine, or other liquid, provided with a thin India rubber wall where it is applied to the chest. At the opposite extremity, the chamber communicates with a glass tube, which rises above the level of the chamber. The liquid is put into the instrument until it stands in the tube a little above the level of the chamber. The pressure of the liquid in the little tube acts upon the elastic or yielding wall of India rubber, and causes it to protrude. When the India rubber chest-piece receives an impulse on its exterior, it causes the liquid to be forced up the tube. The protruding wall of India rubber is driven inward, when it is brought in contact with that portion of the chest which is struck by the apex of the heart, and a rise in the tube takes place. The tube is supplied with a graduate scale, to denote the rise and fall with exactitude; on the top of the glass tube is a collar, to prevent the egress of the liquid; when employed, this collar or valve is left open for the passage of the air.

News from California.—The steamship Illinois arrived at New York, from Aspinwall, on Dec. 28th, bringing San Francisco dates to the 5th inst., and $1,700,000, in gold.

The reports from the mining districts are good, though there was still a want of rain in some districts.

Richard P. Hammond, Ex-Collector at San Francisco, has been acquitted on the charge of defrauding the General Government, while in office.

Business at San Francisco was generally dull. the money market continued unchanged.

From Panama.—The British squadron arrived at Panama on the 8th inst. Its object is said to be to examine into the practicability of establishing a naval depot in the Bay of Panama, probably at Toboga.

A letter from Carthagena, dated Nov. 23rd, states that the British difficulty (the Mackintosh claim) still continued, and that the blockade of the New Granadian ports would commence immediately.

"A "Milky Way" at Sea.—A lady, on her voyage to Calcutta, writes the following, which we are permitted to print:

"When in the Gulf of Aden, we saw a very remarkable sight. It was a rough and blowy evening that we were called on deck to see the 'Milky Water,' which is only seen just in this region. It is still undecided whether the effect is produced by electricity, by atmospheric causes, or by animalcule. Instead of water, it seemed as if the vessel were plunging through great drifts of snow. The appearance extended even to the horizon, and if the air had been colder, and I could have caught the sound of sleigh-bells, I should have lost all idea of the sea, and imagined myself enjoying a magnificent sleigh-ride. It was a splendid sight; and it is very remarkable that no chemical analysis can detect any peculiarity in the composition of the water; and as soon as daylight or moonlight come, it vanishes. The milky water lasted for three nights, and then suddenly stopped; and every evening afterwards the water was as usual."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Church for Ladies Alone.—There is a Presbyterian church in Northampton county, Virginia, composed entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. There is not a single male member among them, and of course, as they can have no eldership, they are not properly an organised church; but these ladies, hoping almost against hope, have persevered in their *sisterhood*, and they have actually increased in numbers more than many churches with a settled pastor and the regular ministrations of the sanctuary. The church is called the "Holmes Church," after the late Dr. Holmes of Philadelphia, who was a liberal contributor towards its erection.

The Residence of E. P. Blair.—By-the-way, Blair has the most charming retreat in the vicinity of this city. His spring is a curiosity, and he applies it to many purposes. By means of a sheet-iron wheel, forty feet in diameter, made by Page of Baltimore, it grinds, thrashes and churns—supplies his dairy and stables—his *jet d'eau* and gardens—irrigates his meadows—and pours a stream of cold water through every room of his house. His grounds are in the highest state of cultivation.—*Cor. N. O. Delta.*

A New Product.—Near Edith, S. C., a crop is about to be gathered of four acres of sunflowers. The seed will be used for oil and to feed cattle and poultry, as in the south of France; but the chief object is to obtain the fibre of the stalks for paper-making. If the cultivation succeeds, it is expected to supply abundant materials for fine writing and printing paper, as well as fine and coarse for paper-hanging.

Baltimore, Dec. 20.—The steamer Tennessee, from New York, bound to Nicaragua, put into Norfolk on Saturday, with a broken shaft. Our city is now swarming with filibusters who have arrived here from Norfolk, being on their way back to New York to procure another steamer.—The steamer James Adger is to be despatched from New York at once in place of the Tennessee.

Kansas.—Captain Hampton has given the convicted prisoners at Lecompton the liberty of the

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, December 29, 1856.

The Produce Markets, as is usually the case, have been very dull during the holidays. Breadstuffs have been very dull under the discouraging accounts from abroad, and prices have rather favored buyers. The receipts of Flour and Grain, by water, have ceased, and the supplies by railroad are ample for the demand. Candles are unchanged. The active season is about over for Coal. Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses are held very firmly, but there is very little doing. Cotton has been in good demand, and in some instances higher rates have been realized. In Fish but little doing, and in Fruit the transactions have been somewhat restricted, in consequence of the want of stock to operate in. The Iron Trade continues dull. Lead meets a very limited inquiry. Lumber sells slowly at former rates. Naval Stores and Oils have been quiet. Provisions are unchanged, but firm. Cloverseed has been in good request, but Timothy and Flaxseed are neglected. In Teas and Tobacco no change. Wool continues very firm. The transactions in all descriptions of Dry Goods have been unimportant, and without change in prices. Woollens, generally, are firmer, in consequence of the recently advanced high rates of raw material.

BREADSTUFFS.—The sale forenoon we have depressed the Flour market, but with decreased receipts and a moderate stock, holders are unwilling to make any concession in prices. The export demand is limited, and only 2500 bbls sold at $6,4566,50 ₱ bbl for standard brands; $6,7566,75 for favorite brands; $6,87½7 for extra, and $7,25 for extra family. The sales from store to consumption are within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are dull. Several sales of the former at $4, and 300 bush of the latter at about $7,37½ ₱ bush. 1000 bbls Brandywine sold on private terms.

The receipts of Wheat continue moderate, and prices have undergone little or no change. Sales of 25,000 bushels Southern, Ohio and Pennsylvania red at $1,30a1,32 ₱ bushel for good and prime red, and $1,35a1,37 for white. Rye is in search and in demand for distilling at 90c. Corn comes forward very slowly, but the demand for it is less active. About 20,000 bush sold at 62½70c for old yellow, about; 68a69 for do in lots, to store, and 56a58c for new. White Corn is scarce. Oats have further declined. The inquiry is confined to small lots for the supply of Green Meats is too small to admit of any extensive operations. Sales of Hams at 10½c, and Shoulders at 7½a7½c ₱ lb, 60 days. There has been but little inquiry for Lard, and receipts continue light. Sales of bbls at 12½a13c, and 500 kegs at 12c ₱ lb, 60 and 90 days. A lot of inferior quality sold at a price kept private. Sales of 300 bbls Tallow at 9 to 9¼c ₱ lb for solid packed and Roll. In Cheese no change.

GROCERIES.—There have been no arrivals of Coffee this week. The market continues very quiet, but prices are firm. The sales comprise 2100 bags Rio at 9¼a11c ₱ lb, on time, for low grades and good quality, and 12c for Laguayra.

There is no change to notice in Sugar, and the market has been quiet. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba, Porto Rico and New Orleans, at 9a10c ₱ lb, on time.

Molasses.—Supplies come forward slowly. The market continues very quiet, and prices are very steady. A sale of an invoice of Barbadoes at 30c, and some New Orleans, before arrived, at 35c, on time, which is an improvement.

Metals.—Iron continues very dull, and the sales of Pig Metal have been only in small lots within the range of last week's figures, excepting 200 tons No 2 on the Susquehanna at $22,50, 6 mos. A small lot of Charcoal Blooms sold at $72 ₱ ton, 6 months. Prices of Scotch, Pig, Bar, and Boiler Iron, remain without change.

Lead continues very dull, but prices are unchanged.—Sales of about 800 pigs Virginia at 5½c ₱ lb, cash.

Copper.—The sales of both English Sheathing Copper and Yellow Metal have been limited at our last quotations.

Bark.—There is not much Quercitron coming forward, and but little demand for it. Small sales of No 1 at $35, and inferior do at $34 ₱ ton. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

Beeswax.—Is scarce, and good yellow is wanted at 28c ₱ lb, cash.

Candles.—The demand has fallen off, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 500 boxes city manufactured at 21c, 4 mos, and a lot of Western at 24c ₱ lb, cash. Sperm are held at the 42c.

Coal.—Prices have undergone no quotable change. The scarcity of vessels and advanced rates of freight to the East, have materially retarded operations at Richmond, and there is very little business doing, except for the supply of the retailers and consumers. In Bituminous Coal no sales.

Cotton.—The market has been quite firm at the improvement noticed at the close of last week, and the manufacturers are purchasing liberally. Sales of 1500 bales at 12a13c ₱ lb, on time, for Uplands, and 13a15c for New Orleans.

Drugs and Dyes.—Among the sales of the past week we notice 60 casks Bleaching Powders at 3c, 6 mos; some Sal Soda at about $1,6; Sale Ash at 2¼3c ₱ lb, the latter rate for superior, and 10 cans Oil of Lemon at $7,25a7,25 ₱ lb, all 6 mos.

Feathers.—There are very few coming forward, and sales have been limited at 54a58 ₱ lb for good Western.

Fish.—There is no new feature in the market. There has been very little demand for Mackerel, and the sales have been only to small lots at $11a11,50 ₱ bbl for medium 1's; $8 for 2's, and $6,75a7 for 3's. No change in Codfish or Herring.

Fruit.—The stock of Raisins is nearly exhausted, and prices are looking up. Sales of Bunch at $3,87½3,87½: Layers at $4,37½ ₱ box, and smaller packages at proportionate rates. Currants are in steady demand at quotations. In Domestic Fruit there is a regular trade doing at previous rates. Sales of Dried Apples at 2a2½c ₱ lb.

Ginseng.—Supplies are arriving more freely, and 5000 lbs Crude sold on private terms.

Guano.—Prices are entirely nominal, and the sales have been unimportant.

Hemp.—No sales worthy of notice have been reported since our last notice.

Hides.—There have been no arrivals, and there is no stock here to which to operate.

Hops meet a limited inquiry; small sales of new Eastern and Western at 6a11 cents ₱ lb;—old crop are not inquired after.

Leather continues very scarce, and both Spanish Sole and Slaughter are in demand at full prices.

Lumber.—But little doing in any description, and no change to notice in prices. A lot of Cabin Laths brought $1,40 ₱ M. A cargo of Carolina Flooring Boards sold at about $15 ₱ M feet.

Naval Stores.—But little doing in any description. A sale of Common Rosin was made at $1,55 ₱ bbl cash. Swp ranges from $2 to $4, as in quality. Spirits of Turpentine meets a steady inquiry, and prices are firmer. Sales at 44c cash, and 45a46c on time.

Oils.—Red Oil continues very scarce. There is but little doing in any description of Fish Oils. Lard Oil sells slowly at 90a92½c for No 1, and 95a97½c for Winter, and $1 for Summer. Linseed Oil has been in better demand, with considerable transactions at 72a 90c in casks and bbls. Pine Oil and Burning Fluid are selling freely.

Plaster.—The market is nearly bare. An invoice of Soft sold at $31 ₱ ton.

Salt.—All the recent importations of both Liverpool and West India have changed hands, and prices are rather firmer.

Saltpetre.—Prices continue to tend upward. A sale of 500 bags Crude at 6c ₱ lb, cash in hand.

Seeds.—There is a good demand for Cloverseed, but supplies come forward slowly, and prices are well maintained.—Sales of 1000 bushels prime at 5¾c ₱ lb. In Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is worth about $1,70 ₱ bushel.

Spices.—The sales have been only in small lots without change in prices.

Spirits.—The late foreign accounts for Brandy are unfavorable, and have caused increased firmness in prices. In Gin, no change. Rum continues to command full prices. Whiskey has been quite dull, and prices have declined. Sales of 500 bbls, mostly at 29c. Hhds are held at the same figure.—Drudge sells at 21a28c.

Sumac.—A small sale of Sicily was made at $75 ₱ ton, six months.

Tallow continues in limited request. Sales of City Rendered at 9½c ₱ lb, cash.

Teas.—Prices continue very firm for both Black and Green, but the demand has been quite moderate.

Tobacco.—Prices are quite firm for leaf and manufactured, and of the latter the stock is quite small, and becoming still further reduced.

Wines.—The sales have been unimportant, and without change in prices.

Wool.—The market continues quite firm, and the receipts being light and the stock reduced to an amount which it is apparent will not be adequate to supply the demand until the next clip comes to market, has induced many holders to manifest an indifference about realizing at present quotations. Sales of 160,000 lbs, at from 36 to 65 cents ₱ lb,—the latter for extra fine Ohio.

NEW YORK MARKET, DEC. 27.

Ashes.—The market is steady but quiet for Pots; sales of 50 bbls at $7,25, and 100 at $7,25a7,30.

Flour.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair for the trade and moderate for export; prices of medium qualities are easier. The better grades are dull, but well held; the sales are 8000 bbls at $6,25a6,45 for common to good State; $6,50a6,80 for extra do; $6,35a6,65 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; $6,75a$7,00 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7,10a$7,60 for fair to choice do extra; Ohio $6,40a6,75 for Genesee brands, and $7,25a8,50 for extra Genesee. Canadian Flour is heavy and inactive; sales of 300 bbls at $6,30a6,65 for superfine, and $7,37,75 for extra brands.

Southern Flour is quite firm, and in good demand for export; the arrivals are light and the stock not large for the season. The sales are 3000 bbls at $7,87,25 for mixed to superfine Baltimore, Georgetown, &c, and $7 3mst for favorite, fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is steady; sales of 200 bbls at $5,85a5,25 for fine and superfine. Corn Meal is quiet at $3,25 a3,37 for Jersey.

Grain.—A fair demand for Wheat for export, but with liberal offerings; prices are easier. The sales are 2500 bushels good white Southern at $1,75; 7000 bushels red Illinois at $1,50 a1,60; 2500 bus good white Canadian at $1,70, and 13,000 bus Chicago spring at $1,46a1,42, and choice do $1,45. Rye is firm; sales 10,000 bushels Northern on private terms. Oats are steady at 42½c for State, and 43a50 for Western. Corn is firmer at the close, but not active. The offerings are light; the sales are 13,400 bus at 67a71c for mixed Western, in store and delivered, and 74a75 for Southern white and yellow and Jersey yellow.

Cotton.—Continues very firm, and is fairly active; at the close it was difficult to buy at quotations. The sales are reported at 3000 bales.

Coffee.—Holders are firm; the transactions to-day are very trivial. Sales of 250 bags Rio at 9¼a10¼c; 50 bags Java at 14c, and 50 bags Santos at 11c. The stock of Rio is 75,000 bags.

Sugars.—The feeling is good, and prices are very firm. The business comprises 400 hhds Cuba at 8a10c.

Molasses.—Under moderate supplies, and somewhat pressing for Telegraph, of a good demand from the West, at the fruit eisterns, the market has been firmer. Sales of 60 bbls new crop New Orleans at 30c, and 40 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 46a46c.

Whiskey.—The market is lower; the demand light; sales of 250 bbls at 29½c for Ohio and Prison.

Provisions.—The demand for Pork is more active, and prices are better, with limited arrivals, and a small stock; sales of 1200 bbls at $16,5017 for Prime; $18,50 for Sour Mess; $19,37½19,50 for old Mess, and $20 for new Mess. Included in the sales are 500 bbls Hainspeisted Mess, to arrive, at $20. Beef Hams are firmly held at $18a19,50. Beef is quite active and is better, with a tendency upward; the supply of prime is limited; sales of 300 bbls at $6,25 for country Prime; $10,5a12 for old and new Country Mess and old repacked Western Mess, and $14,5a14,75 for new repacked Chicago Mess, and $15,50 for extra do. Prime Mess is firm at $12a25. Bacon is scarce and wanted at 10½a10¾c. Cut Meats are quiet; sales of 120 bbls at 9½a10c for Hams, and 7½a8c for Shoulders. Lard is better and in good demand, with sales of 300 bbls and 100 kegs at 12½a12¾c. Dressed Hogs are firmer, and in demand at 8a8½c. Butter is steady at 16a23c for Ohio, and 20a25c for State. Cheese is dull, but firm at 9½a10c.

December 29.—Flour is declining; 5400 bbls sold. State $6,25a6,40. Southern is heavy. Wheat declining; 17,000 bus sold; white 170; red 168a169; Corn declining; 72c for mixed 70c white and yellow 75. Pork steady. Beef firm. Lard steady. Whiskey easier; sales at 28.

NEW YORK WOOL MARKET, DEC. 27.

The market is steady and quiet for Pulled, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 50 bales Pulled at 50c for Extra; 45a46c for Superfine; 40a42c for No 1, and 36a38c for No 2. Sales of 100 bales Saxony Fleece at 60c, and 50 bales Smyrna at 30c. The sales of Domestic Fleece are 100 bales at 60c for Saxony, and 50a55c for Merino. Sales of 100 bales Cape Good Hope at 30c, and 50 bales Buenos Ayres at 30c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, DEC. 29.

About 1200 head of Beef Cattle were offered at the different yards this week, principally at the Bull's Head and Torbert's, and all but about 140 head were sold at former quotations, the market, however, closing rather dull. The following are among the sales:

100 Virginia, by J. Coehran, at	@7¼a10	the 100 lbs
60 Chester Co., Mercer & Wood, at	8¼a10½	"
40 do W. Alexander, at	8 a10½	"
55 do Kimball & Holmes, at	9½a10½	"
55 do Hathaway & McPhillen, at	8 a10	"
110 do Sweet & Kimball, at	8 a10½	"
125 Penn., and Western Cattle were sold by different persons, at	8 a 9½	"

About 400 Cows and Calves were at market this week, and the sales ruled dull at from $30 to $50 for Fresh Cows, $20 to $30 for Springers, and $15 to $25 for Dry Cows.

Some 2000 Hogs were brought in this week, principally at Shaffer's Yard, and all sold at from $7¾ to $8¾ the 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs the receipts are only about 2500 in all, ranging at from $2,50 to $6,50 each, according to condition.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET, DEC. 24.

Allerton's.—The demand for Beef Cattle was very brisk at the opening, and continued very active until about ten o'clock, when the demand abated, and the rest of the day proved dull, with very slow sales at somewhat lower prices. First quality sold very fast, and as everybody is in quest of that species of beef about holidays, high prices were readily obtained, many sales having been made as high as 11c ₱ lb, but we heard of no higher prices, except for a few premium cattle, which numbered about a dozen, and were raised in Kentucky. They were fed mostly by Mr. Robert Boggs, and obtained first and second premiums at the State Fairs. One was sold at Albany at 13c ₱ lb, and the remainder at Allerton's at from 12 to 13c. There was a falling off in the receipts this week of about 800 head at Allerton's, and 1400 at all the yards, as compared with the figures of last week. The range was from 8½ to 11c, and the average about 10c. The total number on sale for the day was 1565, and for the week 7563.

Cows and Calves are in more demand, and higher prices are realized—several selling as high as $70 to $75, while a few are held over for $100, but we have heard of no sales as high as that, as yet.

Veal Calves continue in good demand and prices remain about the same as reported last week—the best bringing as high as 7½c, and from that down to 5½c. The demand for sheep and lambs has somewhat improved since last week, and some very high prices have been realized—frequently as high as $10 to $11 being obtained. Three prime sheep, fatted expressly for the holidays, were sold at Chamberlain's for $130. They were the best that have been brought to the city thus far.

Swine continue in good demand, and prices are fully up to last week's figures, and were much more easily obtained—the range was from 6c to 6½c.

It was thought a larger portion of the supply intended for today's market was detained by the accident on the Erie Railroad. If such be the case, we may expect a large supply of all stock next week.

The following are the sales of all stock at Allerton's for past week:—1565 head of beef cattle; 35 cows and calves; 163 veal calves; 2212 sheep and lambs, and 3264 hogs.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $10 75a11 00; do good quality, $10 00a10 50; do common, $9 00a9 50; do inferior, $8 50a8 50. Cows and Calves, extra, $70a85; do good, $55a65; do common, $35a45; inferior, $25a30. Veal Calves 5a7½c. Sheep and Lambs, 5½a6½c. Swine 6½a6½c.

The following table shows from what part of the country, and by what conveyances the supplies came:

Beef Cattle.	*Heads.*
By the Harlem Railroad, Beeves,	204
" Cows and Calves,	31
" Veal Calves,	163
" Sheep and Lambs,	2212
" Swine,	861
By the Erie Railroad, Beeves,	2165
" Swine,	780
By the Hudson River Railroad, Beeves,	844
" Swine,	1533
On foot—Cattle,	284
From Ohio,	206
" Illinois,	385
" New York,	587
" Kentucky	451
" Connecticut	111
" Indiana	14

AT BROWNING'S.—The following are the sales:—

ALMANAC.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, 1857.

MONTHS.	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
JANUARY,					1	2	3
1st Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
FEBRUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
2d Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
MARCH,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3d Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
4th Month				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
MAY,						1	2
5th Month.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
JUNE,		1	2	3	4	5	6
6th Month.	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
JULY,				1	2	3	4
7th Month.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
AUGUST,							1
8th Month.	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
SEPTEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5
9th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
OCTOBER,					1	2	3
10th Month.	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
NOVEMBER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
11th Month.	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
DECEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5
12th Month.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On December 22nd, on motion of Mr. Seward, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House Bill, authorizing the President to cause to be procured, by purchase or otherwise, a suitable steamer, to be stationed at the port of New York, as a revenue cutter, &c. The bill appropriates $150,000.

Mr. Seward, in order to render the bill satisfactory to the President and Secretary of the Treasury, moved to strike out the words "and for the purpose of affording relief to distressed vessels, their passengers and crews."

This amendment and also one by Mr. Hall, the latter's striking out the words "to be stationed at the port of New York," were then adopted.

Mr Toombs enlarged on the frightful increase of expenditure likely to be incurred by adopting the line of policy introduced by Mr. Fessenden, of making this thing general.

Mr. Hunter said, inasmuch as the clause confining the expenditure to New York was stricken out, he would be compelled to vote against the bill, regarding it as embarking in a general system.

The bill then passed—yeas 23, nays 13.

Mr. Rusk's motion, to refer so much of the President's Message as relates to foreign affairs to the Committee on that subject, being under consideration, Mr. Brown replied to the speeches of Messrs. Wilson, Seward, and other Republicans. The pending motion was then agreed to, and the other parts of the President's Message were appropriately referred. The Senate then adjourned.

On Dec. 23d, the Senate considered the House bill for the settlement of the claims of the officers of the revolutionary army, and the widows and children of those who died in the service.

Messrs. Toombs and Stuart opposed the bill, viewing it as the bestowment of a gratuity founded upon no principle of justice. The latter said one of the beneficiaries under the bill would be President Pierce, who would receive about $16,000 for the revolutionary services of his father.

Mr. Mason thought the payment of these claims would make it obligatory on the government to make similar compensation to others not included in the bill, and even to redeem all the continental money.

Mr. Crittenden believed it would be better to take the bill with all its imperfections than to run the risk, by amendment, of losing it.

Without disposing of the bill the Senate adjourned till Friday, with the understanding that an adjournment would then be had till Monday.

On Dec. 26th, on motion of Mr. Thompson of New Jersey, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether more efficient means cannot be devised for the preservation of the lives of seamen and passengers wrecked on the coast of New Jersey and Long Island, and also whether relief should not be granted to the families of persons who lost their lives in the endeavor to rescue individuals from shipwreck. Adjourned until Tuesday.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on Dec. 22nd, the House proceeded to the election of a Chaplain, when Father Waldo was re-elected. Sixteen others were voted for—Father Donn, a Jesuit of St. Louis, was supported by Messrs. Morrison and Kelley, and Rev. Antoinette Blackwell by Messrs. Watts and Spinner.

Mr. Clingman, under a suspension of the rules, introduced a bill explanatory of the resolution authorizing the President to confer the title of Lieut. General by brevet. The object was to place Gen. Scott on the same footing as Gen. Washington was, under the law of 1798. If General Scott had been a subject of a foreign government, a large donation in money would have been made him as a compliment for his eminent services. But Mr. Clingman had no such design. It was well known that the Attorney General and Secretary of War entertained different opinions of the proper amount of pay to which Gen. Scott was entitled, and that the sum adjudged proper by the Secretary of War was allowed. He did not, however, undertake to say that the decision was wrong, or that the Secretary was actuated by other than proper motives. It was a mere matter of construction.

In reply to a question by Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Clingman said that Gen. Scott had received about $10,000, and should this bill be passed he would receive about $20,000 for nine or ten years back pay. The bill gives him what Washington should have received under the law of 1798, and the amount to which Attorney General Cushing says he is entitled, nothing more. The bill then passed.

22nd, the House took up and passed the joint resolution from the Senate, extending the time during which the creditors of the late Republic of Texas shall present their claims, to the 1st of January, 1858, and repealing so much of the act of August, 1856, as provides that the residue (about $400,000,) of the sum thereby appropriated, shall be divided pro rata among the creditors who have filed their releases.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, in moving that the House go into Committee on the Indian Appropriation Bill, said it was very important that it should pass speedily, as it contained the appropriation for carrying out the treaty with the Creeks and Seminoles, made in August last.

Mr. Maxwell trusted the bill would be considered, as Florida was now engaged in Indian difficulties. There has been no better prospect for the last twenty years than now for ending the war. Under this treaty, the Creeks and Seminoles who have emigrated West are to be employed, in order to bring the war to a termination.

Mr. Cushman said he had a bill to report from the Military Committee, giving increased compensation, to keep the officers of the army from starving. Unless it pass, the best portion of the army will be disbanded. He therefore regarded it equally as important as the measure suggested by the gentleman from Ohio.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian, Military Academy and Indian Appropriation Bills, and subsequently passed them.

On Dec. 24th, various bills were reported from the Committees.

Mr. Phelps from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported, with amendments, the Senate Bill, relative to foreign coinage, and the coinage of the new cent pieces.

Mr. Phelps explained the object of the bill—which was withdraw from circulation all the depreciated foreign coin, receiving the Mexican and Spanish quarters, eighths and sixteenths of a dollar pieces at twenty, ten and five cts. The Committee of Ways and Means proposed that the President shall fix, by proclamation, the description of the new cent piece. That precedent was set in 1798.

Mr. Haven was fearful that the bill, in its present form, would disturb to a great extent the commercial transactions of the country—as it proposed to repeal all the laws making any foreign coins a legal tender.

Mr. Phelps replied that it was the opinion of various gentlemen that there was no such laws. Foreign coins, however, are receivable at their commercial value.

A proposition to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, occasioned considerable discussion, the friends of the bill asserting that this was tantamount to killing it.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved to lay the bill on the table, which was negatived, twelve only voting in the affirmative. The further consideration of the bill was then postponed for two weeks.

Mr. Rice, delegate from Minnesota, introduced a bill authorizing the people of that Territory to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to admission into the Union on a footing with the original States. Adjourned till Friday.

On Dec. 26th, several private bills passed and also the Senate Bill providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all transient printed matter.

DEATH OF FATHER MATHEW.—Father Mathew, the renowned apostle of temperance, died at Cork on the 9th of December. His career has been remarkable, and his influence among his countrymen in Great Britain and America will long be felt. Theobald Mathew was born in Thomastown, Ireland, October 10, 1790. He was left an orphan at an early age, adopted by an aunt and educated in Kilkenny Academy and at Maynooth. He was ordained to the priesthood at Dublin, having previously entered upon his philanthropic labors among the poor. The curse of whiskey, brought so fearfully to his notice among these wretched people, roused him to unwonted enthusiasm, and he determined upon a crusade against the demon of Alcohol. Adopting the principal of total abstinence, he commenced a series of meetings, and soon awakened the latent enthusiasm of the Irish nature to his assistance, meeting with a success beyond the wildest hopes. He travelled from town to town through all the island. His apotless fame preceded him, and his progress was one triumphal march. The authorities unbent their dignity to do him honor, and the people followed and crowded around him with adoration. He administered the pledge to thousands at a time; at Nenagh to twenty thousand in one day; at Galway a hundred thousand in two days; between Galway and Loughrea to nearly two hundred thousand. From Ireland he went to England, where even the phlegmatic Saxons were infected with a corresponding enthusiasm. Thence he came to the United States, where to shake hands with the Apostle of Temperance, and receive his medal with a pledge of total abstinence, was the highest ambition of every worthy son and daughter of the Emerald Isle. His warm reception and gratifying success in this country are well remembered. Through all this Herculean labor he never amassed a cent for himself, but was constantly in a state of personal poverty. When he began his good work, his brother was the proprietor of a large distillery. He supported Theobald until his wonderful success had ruined the distillery, and reduced the owner to bankruptcy. To meet the wants of the good Samaritan, the British Government settled an annuity of £300 upon him, which sum was just sufficient to pay the premium upon an insurance policy held by his creditors as security for their claims. Since his return to Ireland, the weight of years and the exertions of long labor have compelled his partial withdrawal from public life, and his name has been less prominently before the public. In personal address Father Mathew was courteous, benevolent and winning in the highest degree. The news of his death will be received with profound regret by every true friend of man throughout the world.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—An official circular from the U. S. Patent Office concerning the culture of the Chinese sugar cane, says that an agent of the Patent Office, while travelling in Europe in the year 1854, collecting agricultural information and seeds for the office, saw this plant growing at Verneres, in France, and being struck with its resemblance to Indian corn, inferred that it would flourish in any region where that plant would. He procured 200 pounds of the seed, which were distributed in small packages by the Patent Office, among the members of Congress, with a view of experimenting with it in all parts of the Union. In numerous instances the results proved highly satisfactory, as it attained the height of eight or ten feet as far north as St. Paul, Minnesota, and matured seeds at various points in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and other places farther south. The following year several bushels more of seeds of the Caffrarian variety of the same plant were procured, but they have proved to be identical with those previously used. The results of all the experiments is that the plant is of the same cultivable nature of Indian corn, and will thrive wherever that does.

A DOVE ALIGHTING ON A COFFIN.—In Edinburg, a few days ago, a respectable family in one of the quietest quarters of the city were thrown into mourning by the death of one of their number, an elderly lady. A night or two after the event a strange noise was heard at the window of the room where the coffin was lying. It seemed like the fluttering of the wings of a bird against the window panes; and, when the maid servant appeared at the window for the purpose of raising it, to examine into the cause of the noise, a beautiful white dove flew into the apartment and alighted upon the lid of the coffin. It offered no opposition when they attempted to secure it, and is now in the possession of the relatives of the deceased lady, who, from the singularity of the circumstances, have resolved to preserve it carefully. Had the event happened in times past, when superstition held sway, it would undoubtedly have given rise to some strange imaginings relative to the departed.—*Edinburgh (Scot.) Express.*

A NEW THEORY.—According to the Boston *Transcript* a venerable and distinguished professor of theology in Yale College, is about to issue a work that will cause some excitement in the religious world. It is entitled "Yaveh Christ, or the Memorial Name." The *Transcript* says:

The main object of the author is to show that the world has hitherto labored under a profound mistake respecting the Hebrew word given as "Jehovah" in the Old Testament. He undertakes to prove that it was not "Jehovah," but "Yaveh;" that it does not mean "I am," but "He who will be"—in short, that the "Jehovah" of the Old Testament and the "Christ" of the New denote one and the same Being. The point is argued with great ingenuity, force and eloquence, on both philosophical and historical grounds.

LIGHTING CARS BY GAS.—The Chicago Press says that the experiment of illuminating cars by gas has been tried on the Chicago and Galena Railroad with perfect success. Under the floor of each car is placed a gas holder, consisting of two tubes, divided into compartments by india rubber diaphragms. Connecting with the holder is a dry metre, which serves to pump the air into the holder, and thus force the gas through the pipes which connect the holder, up into the car. The holder is filled with gas by attaching the pipe to a main at any station where there is gas. It is said that the invention will be a great saving of expense to railroad companies.

THE GREAT PELICAN, (*Pelicanus Onocrotalus.*)—Early in the present month a large pelican, attracted by the beauties of that interesting sheet of water, or impelled by hunger and fatigue to rest awhile among its islands and feast upon the fish with which it is so abundantly supplied, was killed in Connaut Lake, near Meadville, Pennsylvania. Too conspicuous an object to escape attention, this rare and beautiful visitor, white as snow, measuring nine feet across the wings and more than six feet in length, with a pouch of two gallons' capacity, fell a victim to his wants and the skill of the sportsman.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 269—Adults 99, and children 170.

IS CONSUMPTION CURABLE?—We cannot doubt that in many cases of settled Consumption a cure has been effected solely by the use of the Wild Cherry preparation of Dr. Wistar. Its healing effects are certainly wonderful.

TO SUFFERERS FROM GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Just published, the history and uses of the Great Amara and the mode of Self-Cure, with remarks on its peculiar properties in restoring virgorous exhausted and irritable conditions of the Brain and Nervous System, by John M. Dacosta, 28 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. A copy of which he will send free, on the receipt of two Postage Stamps. dec20-6t

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
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GRANVILLE STOKES AND EXTRAVAGANCE.—Men generally are apt to make a wrong estimate of what is called extravagance. However expensively we may live or dress, if it be within our means, it is not extravagance. On the contrary, it is the performance of a duty that we owe to our fellow-beings. But if we live and dress beyond our income, and at the expense of other people, then it is extravagance, wilful and censurable. Of this foible, or rather vice, Cowper writes admirably, when he says:

"We exercise to dress, till household joy
And comforts cease. Dress duchesses the ordinary,
And keeps our larder lean: puts out our fire,
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

But a man will not do in the world, should live liberally, yet within his means—for in so doing, he influences others by his example, and thus becomes, unconsciously as it were, a fountain of abundance to tradesmen, mechanics, artisans, laborers, of the great Commonwealth of Industry. [illegible] above Sixth, has made a calculation founded on the infallible principles of true industrial economy—thus:

A suit of clothes, of the very finest cloth, will cost about forty or fifty dollars, and will last three months. Now, the raw cloth used, will not, calculated at maximum prices for the wool, silk, dye, linens, buttons, &c., cost more than five dollars. All the balance, namely, the sum of *thirty-five dollars*, goes for wages and profits of trade, to spinners, carders, weavers, dyers, tailors, &c. How many people are thus made happy by a single suit! And so, in proportion, with fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty dollar suits. Then the correct way in which to regard the distinction between a just liberality in the indulgence of taste, and a conformity to the ways of the world, within our means—and the extravagances which recklessly pass beyond—while the hateful practices of the miser is avoided, we, although far from rich, wonder his name has not, ere this, found a place in the list of the benefactors of the poor. To dress well, yet not too expensively, should be the study of every female, whatever may be the means at his command, his comfort and peace may at all times be fully provided at Granville Stokes', No. 26 Chestnut street, above Sixth, who has always on hand unrivalled display of fashionable attire; while his cutters and assistants, who are first rate in their way—the very pick of the trade—are ever ready to take orders, and to supply garments not to be surpassed in style by any tailors in America, England or France. Call and try! The suits made for gentlemen in the South and West, speak trumpet-tongued in favor of the far and fast-extending fame of GRANVILLE STOKES.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT BEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

PHILADELPHIA BY GAS LIGHT.—The in-doors of a great city reveal many a strange scene, which the busy world little dreams of. Pride and poverty, wealth and brutality—and, in fact, all sorts of strange conjunctions; but nothing so strange and unnatural as an intelligent gentleman who would not find paper and letters scattered where he cried in a hand-some suit from the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia—than he felt under any other circumstances.

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 8th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,
Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of her brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. As soon as he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had continued with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but I trust by the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETER HARMON, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov22-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. G. Washington Jerman, Mr. GEORGE LAPPERTY, to Miss HANNAH M. HORN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN T. SANDERS, to Miss MARY A. E. PRATT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th of Nov, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. FRANK FULMER, to Miss RACHEL FORD, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Daniel Gaston, Mr. ROBERT T. MANTLE, to Miss MARY D. daughter of Thomas Wattson, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Henry, Mr. ISAAC PAXSON, to Miss MIRIAM CONARD, both of Schuylkill county.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. George H. Chandler, Mr. GEORGE N. TOWNSEND, to Miss SARAH, daughter of Christian R. Faunce, Esq. both of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. F. Hodgson, Mr. SPENCER N. BUNEMAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss EMMA M. daughter of David Sober, Esq. of Beverly, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. LINFORD I. BILLS, to Miss MAGGIE E. LAMB, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HAYES CHANDLER, of Delaware State, to Miss RACHEL C. GARRETT, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. JOHN MCCAIN, to Miss MARTHA JAMES, both of this city.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ISAAC LANFELDER, to Mrs. ELIZA J. MAY, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. MARSHALL D. VONNER, to Miss ANNIE J. MCDOWELL, both of Frankford.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Mr. WILLIAM MACKINTOSH, to Miss EMILY E. REED, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. THEODORE H. BEALL, of Cumberland, Md. to HARRIET M. ENGLISH, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Charles Sawyer, Mr. ROBT. HICKS, to Miss REBECCA BURNS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, before Richard Vaux, Esq. Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, JACOB SHERRILL, of the city of Philadelphia, to MARY M. GOODWIN, of Salem, N. J.

On the 13th of Nov. by the Rev. T. A. Parsley, Mr. WILLIAM MECUTCHEON, to Miss ELIZABETH HENDREN, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. JAMES P. STACKHOUSE, of Keokuk, Iowa, to Miss MARY A. M. STRATTON, of this city.

On the 23d of October, by the Rev. B. C Morse, Mr. WILLIAM M. COOK, to Miss MARY M. JENKINS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th of Nov. by the Rev. E. C. Baker, Mr. SAMUEL V. CURTIS, of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLEN G. daughter of the Hon. W. H. Patterson, of North Carolina.

On the 27th of Nov. by the Rev. Archibald P. Cobb, Mr. THOMAS CROWLEY, to Miss MARGARET WRIGHT, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th ultimo, by Ald. Jacob R. Coats, Mr. GEORGE HALLOWELL, to Miss ELIZABETH H. MARTLE, all of Montgomery county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARYMA TAGGART, aged 57.
On the 24th ultimo, SOPHIA FREDERICA, daughter of Wm. Langenheim, aged 4 years.
On the 22d ultimo, MARY MELLIS.
On the 23d ultimo, JOHN FAMOUS, aged 54 years.
On the 23d ultimo, RICHARD N. JORDAN, aged 57 years.
On the 22d ultimo, ANNIE S. wife of John Cloude, Jr. aged 23 years.
On the 23d ultimo, REBECCA, wife of Joseph M. Searight, aged 28 years.
On the 24th ultimo, SAMUEL NOBLE, son of Geo. W. and Sarah D. Bellmis, aged 6 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, aged 47 years.
On the 23d ultimo, SAMU. P. MARKS, Clerk of the Philadelphia Board of Health, aged 47 years.
On the 22d ultimo, JOHN ZEPP, aged 65 years.
On the 24th ultimo, MARY, daughter of John H. and Elizabeth W. Purdy, aged 13 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mr. OWEN HAYES, aged 28 years.
On the 22d ultimo, SAMUEL VANDERSLICE, aged 52 years.
On the 24th ultimo, SALLY J. daughter of Jacob and Emeline Myers, aged 3 years and 5 months.
On the 24th ultimo, MARY A. GORMAN, aged 28 years.
On the 24th ultimo, FANNY, daughter of Henry D. and Susan C. Moore, aged 7 years.
On the 23d ultimo, HENRY A. FARRELL, aged 34 years.
On the 24th ultimo, EZEKIEL WEEKS, aged 68 years.
On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM BRETT.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARY HAGER, aged 77 years.
On the 23d ultimo, SAMUEL J. HORNE, aged 2 years and 5 months.
On the 23d ultimo, Mr. JOHN BROWN, aged 62 years.
On the 23d ultimo, JOHN H. BIRKHEAD, aged 27 years.
At Moreno Hook, on the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM MCGLAUGHLIN, aged 61 years.
On the 22d ultimo, at Beverly, N. J., WILLIAM WRIGHT, aged 21 years.
On the 23d ultimo, OSCAR C. son of Samuel and Hannah M. Richmond, aged 2 years and 10 months.
On the 22d ultimo, ANNIE MIX, daughter of Armand A. and Susan B. Dunk, aged 4 years.
On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH A. MCCUNN, aged 34 years.
On the 21st ultimo, MARY, daughter of the late Geo. Gorgas, Jr. aged 11 years.
On the 22d ultimo, ELIZA, daughter of Wm. and Eliza Thornton, aged 6 years.
On the 24th ultimo, ELISHA P. MAGLE, aged 37 years.
In Brandywine Village, on the 21st ultimo, Mrs. MARY SCULTZ, aged 71 years.
On the 21st ultimo, THOMAS F. CALVERT, aged 2 years and 7 months.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. MARY DILL, aged 71 years.
On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. ANN, wife of Mr. James Smith, aged 54 years.
On the 20th ultimo, ELIZABETH C. wife of Samuel Simmons.
On the 19th ultimo, Mr. JOHN ABRAHAM, aged 50 years.
On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of Jas. and Mary Coffins, aged 7 years and 4 months.
On the 20th ultimo, MARY WARNOCK, aged 85 years.
On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE ANGLIN, aged 39 years.
On the 21st ultimo, SARAH E. WOOD, daughter of Charles and Rebecca H. Hobbard, aged 6 years.
On the 24th ultimo, ALFRED, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Adamson, aged 4 years and 2 months.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

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PHILADELPHIA, December 19, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**CANADA.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	**NORTH CAROLINA.**	
Lancaster bank	2½ dis	Solv bks	11 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Small notes	25 dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**VIRGINIA.**	
Merch bk Burlington	15 dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	15 dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
DELAWARE.		Corp'n Alexandria	10 dis
Solvent bks	par	**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Under $5s	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MARYLAND.		**GEORGIA.**	
Valley bk Hagerstown	on sale	Solv bks	½ dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis	**ALABAMA.**	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Exchange bk	2½ dis	Other solv bks	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MISSISSIPPI.**	
NEW YORK.	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ dis	**LOUISIANA.**	
6th Avenue bk	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis	**OHIO.**	
Far bk Geneseo	25 dis	Solvent bks	1 dis
Mer & Mec bk Oswego	20 dis	Bk of Circleville	85 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	20 dis	Canal bk Cleveland	5 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
Central bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
MAINE.		**INDIANA.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bk	1 dis
Bk of Hallowell	½ dis	Free bks	5 to 10 dis
Kilowortb bk	33 dis	**ILLINOIS.**	
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	State bk	1 dis
Canton bk So in China	no sale	Free bks	2½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		**MISSOURI.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
VERMONT.		**TENNESSEE.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Scott's Montpelier bk	2 dis	Small notes	21 dis
CONNECTICUT.		**MICHIGAN.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		**ARKANSAS.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	All bks	no sale
RHODE ISLAND.		**WISCONSIN.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Bk Republic Providence failed		**TEXAS.**	
		Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	10 dis

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC FOR 1857,

Will be Published about the 30th December, inst.

In addition to the usual Calendar pages and Astronomical Calculations, THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC will contain:

VERY FULL AND CORRECT ELECTION RETURNS, by States, Congressional Districts, and Counties, for 1856, carefully compared with the returns of former years.

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LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT CONGRESS, and of the next as far as elected, classified politically.

A CONCISE STATEMENT OF THE DOINGS IN KANSAS during the past year.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE CONTEST FOR SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

AN ARTICLE ON THE STATE OF EUROPE.

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From the Springville Citizen.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

We have received the December number of this excellent Magazine, which number, our readers are aware closes the volume, and ends the year. We don't know how extensively this periodical is taken in this vicinity, but if Godey is patronized as he deserves, not an intelligent member of this community, or any other, in fact, would be found without it. There are many good reasons why this Magazine should take the preference among the intelligent and reading community, and to those who have not yet provided themselves with reading matter for the ensuing year, and would say pay Godey the four dollars for your list of periodicals. OUR reasons for this preference are, in the first place, it is always punctual, and even ahead of time; it contains a greater variety of interesting and useful information than any other, and always of an original character, its engravings are much finer, and more of them; while its literature is not only chaste, but highly moral in its nature and tendency; and lastly, it promises nothing that it does not perform to the very letter, and often more. Now if all these considerations are not enough to entitle it to the most liberal patronage, we are wrong in the opinion we have formed of it.

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☞

Wit and Humor.

BROTHER GRUBBER—AN ECCENTRIC DIVINE.—In Wakeley's Heroes of Methodism we find the subjoined reminiscences of one of a class of preachers, we regret to say, that are rapidly disappearing. The quaint remarks and eccentric habits of these men often proved more effective in "bringing home the truth" to the consciences of their hearers, than the most finished production of our modern evangelists. But we are forgetting the anecdotes.

Brother Grubber was of an independent turn of mind, and would not take anything for granted, simply because everybody else did. He once took occasion to refute, in his usual quaint style, the old proverb that "Still water runs deep." He used to shout aloud the praises of God, and contented that it was Spiritual. In answering the objections to shouting, he noticed this, "Still water runs deep." "Not so," said he, "still water does not run at all, for if it ran it would not be still. Furthermore, still water is not so pure as the water that runs. It becomes stagnant, slimy, and breeds tadpoles."

He was a warm republican, and during the revolutionary war, said, in one of his prayers, "Lord, bless King George; convert him to Heaven; we have had enough, and want no more of him here." The Amen to this prayer was unusually emphatic.

Another time he assisted in divine service, were a young Presbyterian clergyman violently preached against some of the doctrines of Methodism. Brother Grubber was asked to close the services with prayer, which he did, and as is customary, prayed for the minister. "Oh, Lord," said he, "bless the preacher who has preached to us this morning, and make his heart as soft as his head is, and then he'll do some good."

Grubber was very literal in his poetical ideas, and not long before his death sent a communication to the Book Room, in which he commented upon one of the hymns in the New Book. He said he did not like the hymn which commences, "I love to steal awhile away." He said there was no truth in it. He did not love to steal. He did not love to steal at home nor away from home.

☞ The following impromptu lines," says the Washington "National Intelligencer," addressed to a lady, and accompanied by a riding-whip, are by the author of "The Mother's First Grief," Robert S. Chilton, Esq., of the State Department at Washington:

"I send you the whip, though your spirited Bess,
Rarely needs to be urged, I dare say;
(If appealed to *herself* on a question like this,
Do you think that she wouldn't say *neigh*?)

"But gauntlets, long skirts, and a hat with a plume,
In short *a full habit* must need
To make it, as we say in French *comme il faut*,
A whip, or a something *instead*.

"So I send you the nearest approach to the thing
That as yet I've been able to see;
But pray, when you use it, if any should ask
Who gave it, *don't lay it on me!*"

TAUX PITH.—The force of language is apt to be much injured by the multitude of words.

A respectable farmer in Berkshire County has the singular happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running a parallel with the furrows several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out: "I—I—I've been thinking, Mr. ———, that—that—as how—I—I—I should be gl—glad to—to—m—m—marry your daughter."

Farmer—Take her and use her well—Whoa haw haw Buck."

OUT OF THE MUD INTO THE MIRE.—Addison has given a pleasant account of the experience of Sir Roger de Coverley in high party times. When he was a stripling and feuds ran high between the Round Heads and the Cavaliers, the worthy Knight had occasion to inquire the way to St. Anne's Lane? His first inquiry was addressed to a Puritan, who called him a popish cur, and asked him who made Anne a saint? The boy in his confusion, wished to avoid giving offence, inquired of the next person he met which was the way to Anne's Lane: the proud cavalier called him a long-eared cur, and told him Anne was a saint before he was born, and would be after he was hanged. The youth thus obtained two cursings, but received no information respecting the lane he was searching after.

TOO POLITE.—A lady once gave a supper, to which she had invited several ladies and gentlemen. During the conversation she called to Mr. B., who was sitting near her, and said:

"Listen to me!"

"Madam, I am all ears," was the reply.

After awhile, when the conversation fell upon handiwork, she showed a piece of embroidery, saying:

"Please to look, sir, at this trifle."

"I am all eyes," he replied, bowing.

At last, when the meats were brought on, the lady of the house said to the lady sitting next to her:

"Will you try a bit of rabbit?"

"I am all stomach," said the latter, looking round significantly.

A GREAT EVIL NOT REMOVED.—A Conference preacher one day went into the house of a Wesleyan reformer, and saw, suspended on the walls, the portraits of three expelled ministers.

"What," said he, "you have them there?"

"Oh, yes, they are there," was the answer.

"But one is wanted to complete the sett."

"Pray, who is that?"

"Why, the devil, to be sure."

"Ah," said the reformer, "HE is not yet expelled from the Conference.

☞ "I want to see some of your gimblets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware store.

The dealer toook down several parcels, neither of which suited.

"Well, then, what kind do you want; there is almost every variety."

"Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

A DIFFERENCE.—A nobleman of great name and small means having overdrawn his account at Coutts', the old banker, addressed him thus:

"My lord, there seems to be a little misunderstanding between us. I am a banker, and ought to keep your money. But you make yourself the banker, and keep my money."

☞ "My son," said an old lady, "how must Jonah have felt when the whale swallowed him?"

"Down in the mouth," was the young hopeful's reply.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Four and twenty bridegrooms all in a row;
Four and twenty dandies dressed from tip to toe;
Four and twenty grimaces, four and twenty smiles,
And the carriages extending for four and twenty miles;
Four and twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and feather,
Eight and forty Ninnies standing all together.
The bride ringed and jewelled,
The groom gloved and glum,
And both of them look foolish,
And both of them are dumb;
A thousand spectators,
To see this pretty match,
A thousand tongues to whisper,
"He's made quite a catch."
Eight and forty ninnies
Marching out of church,
Like so many schoolboys
Running from the birch.
Oh! what a sight to look upon as ever I did see,
The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to me.
—*Olive Branch.*

ARAB COURTSHIP.

An Arab who has no wives is like an Englishman who has no baker or cook or tailor or upholsterer. They are to an Arab gentleman what his slaves were to a patrician Roman. They grind the corn, prepare the couscoussou, make the honey-cakes, work the haiks and burnouses, and spin that tissue of wool and fibres of the dwarf palm whereof the tents are made. The courtship is somewhat of this character:—The candidate for matrimony makes his inquiries for a woman who has the particular talent wherein his household is wanting, and, having obtained the desired information, presents himself at the tent of the father. After a long conversation upon indifferent matters, the lover remarks, "Sidi, I am inclined to marry your daughter." "With all my heart; how much will you give for her?" "I don't think, from all I hear, that she is worth more than five-and-twenty douros, (£5)." "Sidi-Abd-Allah! 25 douros! You must be joking with me. I refused 50 only yesterday." "I wonder very much at that, for I am told that she has been divorced twice, and they say she has only one eye." "Well, what if that should be so? Did not your informants tell you that there is not a woman in the tribe who is her equal in making the quobels haiks?" "That is true, or you would not have seen me here." "Twenty-five douros, Sidi-Abd-el-Kader!" (Not the warrior, be it observed, but a certain prophet of Bagdad.) "Twenty-five douros, for a woman that cooks and works like Fathma!" "It may be little, but I cannot afford any more for her, and I can have Ayesha for half the money." "Well, well, give me the twenty five douros down, and you shall give me an obligation before the Kadi for thirty more. (Apart.) With this obligation I'll hold you in hand, my man, and sooner or later make you pay." "God be praised! Between men like us such small matters are soon settled. The bargain is made. (Aside.) You old Jew, if ever you see the shadow of these thirty douros call me a Christian." "When shall the marriage take place?" "To-morrow. My three wives have prepared everything for the feast, and I have gunpowder enough for the fantasia." "Agreed." "Agreed—go in peace." "Rest in prosperity." On the morrow Fathma is conducted to her happy home, with shouts and frequent discharges of fire-arms. There she cooks and spins, and fetches water from the distant well, fights with her sister wives, and when her lord and master is disturbed in his sublime contemplations by the distant sound of strife, receives her share of the heavy thrashing which he distributes all around. It is not surprising that Fathma plays her husband false when she has an opportunity, or that her lord has no great faith in her affection. A French lady in this city told me that she once asked a wealthy Arab who dwells in a house and who much affects French society, whether he was not afraid to leave his wives so entirely to themselves, while he passed all his evenings abroad? The confiding husband's only reply was to put his hand in his girdle and produce a very large key, which he placed upon the table with a smile. The Arab's contact with the French has taught him no more than this—utterly to despise the Christian system of domestic arrangements, and more deliberately to believe in the superiority of his own. It must be admitted that the specimens of European domesticities which he sees in Algeria are not favorable. He does not think one whit better of a Frenchman than he does of one of his own Arab wives.—*Letter from Algeria.*

THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure;"
Malik, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience:
"He who love's his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,
And replied, "Oh, men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

THE BOLD DAMARAS.—Two Hill Damaras had, it seems, gone in search of honey, and having found a bees' nest in the cleft of a rock, one of them made his way through the confined aperture that led to it, for the purpose of possessing himself of the honey-comb. But he had not long been thus engaged when he discovered a narrow circular passage, leading apparently right through the nest. He told this to his comrade on the outside, who suggested that it was probably caused by a serpent. However, seeing nothing to indicate the reptile's presence, he resumed his labor, and, having secured the honey-comb, was about to withdraw from the aperture, when, to his horror, he saw a huge ondara making towards him. The reptile passed the poor fellow in the first instance, but, suddenly turning round, it plunged its murderous fangs into the man's body. The poison was of so virulent a nature as to cause almost instantaneous death. The survivor, witnessing the fate of his friend, fled precipitately. On his way home, however, and when his agitation had subsided, he determined to revenge himself on the reptile, and early the following day he returned to put his plan into execution.

Having seen the serpent leave the aperture in question, he slipped unperceived into it, and quietly awaited the reptile's return. As soon as he observed it approaching, he coolly placed his open hand across the narrowest part of the passage, and, just as the monster's eyes glared within, he grasped it by the throat, and, by striking its head to and fro against the rocks on either side, soon succeeded in destroying it.

Once a lion found his way into the church at Richtenfeldt. The alarm being given, the Damaras, assegai in hand, rushed to the spot, and, seizing him by the tail and ears, dragged him bodily out of the sacred edifice.—*Anderson's Explorations in Southern Africa.*

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

L'ENFANT.—Grandpa, shall we all be angels when we die? Mother says so.

STOUT OLD GENTLEMAN.—Yes, my son.

L'ENFANT.—Then what a big angel you will be, won't you, grandpa?

Agricultural.

TO DESTROY THE APPLETREE CATERPILLAR, OR CANKER WORM.

You will find, by examining your trees, eggs from which these caterpillar come near the ends of twigs, in a cluster on the twig, surrounding it in a thick belt. Those eggs are generally deposited on the twigs in July, and remain there until spring, and in April and early May the caterpillars hatch from them.

Now, prevention is better than cure, and your trees should be examined during the winter, or in early spring, and those nests of eggs destroyed—cut off the sprigs and *burn* them. Do not throw them away, thinking that they are destroyed when detached from the tree, for they will hatch and become pests unless *destroyed*. If you go through your orchard in the manner above directed, and examine it *thoroughly*, and rob these nests, you will have no trouble with them the coming season. But you may overlook some of these deposits. In that case you must apply the *cure*. There are many cures current among farmers, but there are few remedies which are applied that are effectual. We have tried soapsuds, applied with a swab to the nest, completely saturating it with the liquid—used lime, slaked and made of the consistency of whitewash, and applied in the same way as the suds—blown the nests with powder, &c., &c.,—yet we have found none as effectual as using a ladder to get at the nests, and with your hands (with leather or buckskin mittens on, if you choose,) crush the worms and clean the limbs.

The best time to do this is on a wet day, or in the early morn when the dew is on, and the worms are in their nests. If it is raining moderately, so much the better, except that it is more difficult to discover all their nests, and a second examination in a day or two is essential to their complete extermination.

In case you dislike climbing, a pole may be used, the end having a rough surface, by being thrust into the nest, turned rapidly round, and the nest wound up on it, and thus secured, brought to the ground, and crushed with your foot. This is frequently and effectually done, but an after examination *must be made*. *We know* these apple tree pests can be got rid of, if a little of the time expended in complaining and deploring their ravages, was employed in the manner above directed; and we always mark him down as a shiftless, unthrifty farmer, who owns an orchard and allows it to be disrobed of its verdant covering, when such efforts will preserve it. A boy, thirteen years old may keep an ordinary orchard *clean*, attend school all summer, and have plenty of recreation. Let them do it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BLIND OR WOLF TEETH IN HORSES.—In no work on the diseases of horses, so far as we know, is what are called "blind teeth" noticed. The first notice we find of them is in "The Cultivator" for 1843, where they are described by a southern writer, as follows:—

"There occurs in some horses, between the ages of three and six, between the bridle-teeth and grinders, a *small, long tooth*, without roots, and not inserted in a socket, but merely in the gum of the upper jaw. It has never been alluded to in any system of farriery, but our planters can trace its existence in this State for more than half a century.

"It may and doubtless does occur in horses of any shaped head, but in the three cases on my farm, it was in horses of *dished* heads. One had gone entirely blind before I was apprised of the cause, and the other two I relieved by immediately extracting the *blind teeth*. Hundreds of instances could be adduced of the existence of blind teeth, and the destruction of sight when not extracted. No horse has ever been seen, with them at mature age, *having good eyes*.

"It is conjectured by some to be peculiar to Indian corn feeding; by others, to a hot climate. The three cases under my own observation were in horses raised on my own farm; and not having seen any allusion elsewhere, I am inclined to believe *it is confined to the South*."

The publication of the above, brought us several statements from different parts of the country, all the writers agreeing that the "blind teeth" were the cause of blindness, and that they should be extracted as soon as discovered.—*Albany Country Gentleman.*

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—All reports from those who have grown this plant, so far as we have seen, have been highly favorable—so much so that all the seed which can be procured, will be planted the coming season, when its value as a syrup plant will be thoroughly tested. So strong is the confidence in it, that several gentlemen in the Southern States intend to plant from ten to fifty acres, and we hear of one who proposes to plant one hundred acres, from a belief that very excellent syrup may be made from it at a great profit, even should he fail to make it into sugar.

We are indebted to a correspondent at Baltimore, for some notes in relation to it, from which we learn that Mr. Asa Whitney, near Washington city, raised last summer one hundred bushels of the seed, which have been purchased by the Patent Office at 95 per bushel, for gratuitous distribution. One bushel of it is to be sent to each of the Secretaries of the several State Agricultural Societies for distribution.

THICK AND THIN SOWING.

At the present moment the comparative merits of thick and thin sowing are actively discussed in England, not only at farmers' clubs, but at every market table. Farmer Holdfast, whose white head and wrinkled brow would lead us to suppose that he had farmed for at least half a century, gives as his conclusion, derived from all these years of experience, that he should rarely think of sowing less than three bushels; whilst Mr. Newlight, who is but a young agriculturist, states with equal confidence that the best crop he ever saw was from the sowing of three pecks.

Now, as there is in this a great deal of difference, one may at first be led to conclude that one or both of these gentlemen must be in error as to facts; but if we inquire a little further into the matter, we shall find that while the larger quantity might not have been too much in past times, and may not even now where the condition of the past is maintained, the smaller seeding, on the other hand, is not too little where all the conditions of the soil have been improved.

Farmer Holdfast when he was young, and we all know with what tenacity the lessons of our youth are adhered to, was taught that the rougher you got in your wheat the better, and so the ground, with a single ploughing, was sown with the grain, and imperfect harrowing left some of the seed exposed, whilst much was covered up with huge clods. Here, then, on a cold, undrained soil, a large portion perished from exposure; much of what was covered suffered from similar causes, and a large proportion of the plants which ultimately appeared would spring from such a depth that their tillering would have to commence at the third or fourth joint or node upwards, in which case new roots must be made at that node, and all below would die away; and thus much time and energy of growth is lost to the plant, which would therefore tiller but slightly, yielding even then but weak stalks and stunted ears.

But the process of tillering is interfered with in another way by too thick sowing, for if the seed should come up well, this, like thick planting of trees, causes the plants to grow up thin and emaciated; the central axis is elongated, in which case the lateral buds are not usually brought to perfection; or, if they do grow, they are thin and irregular, and without a disposition to *rebranch*, for it must be remembered that when lateral branches are strong, they, in turn, give off others. So in deep and thick-sown wheat, each successful grain has to answer for at most but three or four ears, whilst one seed under the best tillage will make from 10 to 20 ears of corn, and well tillered corn has always the largest heads. Upon this subject the following experiment which we carried out last year may not be without interest, although even here we have no analogy to the rough work of Farmer Holdfast's youth, as our ground was so smooth that our seeds came up well, and did tolerably afterwards.

On February 2, 1854, we planted eight rows of wheat, with 24 grains in each row, at depths as follows:—

½ inch	Came up March 21 — 48 days			Starved.
1	"	"	26 — 47	"
1½	"	"	22 — 49	" Good plant, tillered well in spring.
2	"	"	23 — 50	"
2½	"	"	24 — 51	"
3	"	"	25 — 52	" Weakly plant, and tillered but slightly.
3½	"	"	26 — 53	"
4	"	"	27 — 54	"

The produce of these bracketted groups may be stated in proportionals, as 2, 6, 4, so that from this experiment we were led to the following conclusions:—

1. Shallow sowing perils on account of the winter exposure of the whole plant.

2. A range of depth from 1½ to 2½ inches is best.

3. Deep sowing is longer in producing the plant, and its plants are always weakly.

4. Irregular sowing at different depths within a wide range, requires far more seed for a good crop, than depositing the seed uniformly at a proper depth, or within a moderate range.

Again, in the comparatively rougher farming of the past, much grain was choked with weeds; and thus it appears that thick sowing was an absolute necessity in the earlier days of farming, in order to guard against the contingencies arising,

1st. From the colder climate, attributable to a general want of draining.

2d. From the consequent bad tilth of land, thereby resulting in rough clods, amongst which seed would be scattered at irregular intervals.

3d. From the very irregular depths at which it must consequently be sown.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

A NOVEL GAME BOX.—The Norfolk (Eng.) Chronicle says the turnip crop has this year been finer than for many past seasons, and some of them in size can seldom have been equalled. Mr. Jackson, of Fulmodestone, is one of the successful growers, and we understand that he recently sent a friend in this city a turnip neatly scooped inside, and containing a hare, a rabbit, two brace of partridges, and a brace of wood-pigeons, comfortable packed within. This novel present was safely conveyed by the carrier, and in weight exceeded 18 lbs.

☞ At the Mayor's office, Clonmell, Ireland, a man was charged, in the graphic language of the constable who arrested him, with thrashing his wife, walloping his grandmother, and flailing his children. The prisoner simply defended himself by saying that he was "reasoning with them."

CLEARING AND DRAINING MARSH LANDS.—Relieved from the pressure of other farm-work, we may now take advantage of the dry state of our swamps to prosecute the work of clearing and draining. The reclaiming of marshes is a matter of much importance to those whose farms are disfigured by such waste places. They are not, like wood lots, constantly increasing in value, but are wholly useless, and often the source of malaria, injurious to all within its influence. And when cleared and drained, they become the most easily cultivated and productive portion of the farm, often paying, in a single year, the whole expense of bringing them into condition for cropping.

Ditching may, in most instances, be best performed in autumn, but the work of clearing when commenced can be continued in winter, as long as the depth of snow will permit. The bushes will cut easier than [illegible] ing in such places generally proving brittle when frozen. In a black alder swamp considerable fuel may be saved—the fine brush may be burned at once, with proper attention to starting and supplying the fire, or may be left in heaps to dry until early summer. As soon as drained and cleared most farmers sow with oats and stock with timothy and red-top, with no other cultivation than a thorough harrowing. A fine sod will soon form, either for pasture or mowing—or the land may be cultivated in corn, potatoes, and different spring grains.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO MAKE GLOSSY SHIRT BOSOMS.—We find the following recipe for producing the gloss on shirt bosoms, concerning which we have been questioned by a lady correspondent:

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it up, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

FROSTED FEET.—Heat a brick very hot, and hold the foot over it as closely as it can be held without burning. Cut an onion in two, and dipping it repeatedly in salt, rub it all over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and effect a cure in a very short time. If this is done for a few times, it is almost certain to cure your feet entirely.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Wash them in a mixture of equal quantities of ammonia and alcohol. Then rub them dry. The above solution will also remove stains and grease from silk and cloth.

TO REPAIR BROKEN GLASS.—Dissolve some isinglass in gin, just sufficient to cover it; make the broken parts quite warm (better put them into a warm oven,) dip them into the liquid, and if possible tie them together for a little time.

TO MAKE WASHING FLUID.—Take 1 gallon of soft soap, 2 quarts of soft water, 1 gill of spirits of turpentine, and 4 ounces of sal-soda; boil them together for five minutes. When wanted for use put your clothes to soak over night, and in the morning add one pint of the fluid, and then boil the clothes for fifteen minutes, after which rinse twice in cold water.

THE HORSE CHESTNUT.—The following is perhaps little known, but may be relied on. It affords a valuable permanent dye for muslin, cotton, &c., varying from a sort of buff to dull nankeen, according to the degree of ripeness of the fruit: When about the size of a gooseberry, cut the whole fruit into quarters, and steep it in soft water, with just enough soap to tinge it; when deep enough for use, pour off the clear water. In all cases the water must be cold; if boiled, the dye is of a more dingy color. The color from the whole fruit is buff, not unlike that of annatto. The husks only, when the fruit is nearly or quite ripe—not cut, but broken up and steeped in cold soft water, with a tinge of soap as above—yield a dye which will be more or less bright according to the degree of ripeness of the husk. If cut, the knife stains the husks, and the color is less good.—*Spirit of the Times.*

TO PRESERVE SKINS.—A correspondent of the "London Field, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper" gives the following recipes:

The skins of furred animals may be preserved by stretching them on a board with pins, fur side downwards, and dressing the flesh side with alum water and a little corrosive sublimate, or a handful of common salt, and half the quantity of alum boiled in half a gallon of water till dissolved; when cold dress with a brush. Another for furs and birds:—Camphor, 1½ ounces; arsenic, in powder, 8 ounces; white soap, 8 ounces; salt of tartar, 3 ounces; powdered lime, 1 ounce. Cut the soap into slices as thin as possible, put them into a pot over a gentle fire, taking care to stir them often with a wooden spatula; when well melted put in the salt of tartar and powdered lime, take it off the fire, add the arsenic, stir it well, lastly add the camphor previously powdered in a mortar, mix the whole together well with a little spirits of wine; th's paste ought to have the consistency of flour paste.

VIEW OF LIFE.—It is said all martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered. Every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel, and hangs on every other sail in the horizon. Our life looks trivial, and we shun to record it.

'Tis the trick of nature thus to degrade to-day—a good deal of buzz, and somewhere a result slipped magically in.

So much of our time is preparation, so much is routine, and so much retrospect, that the pith of each man's genius contracts itself to a very few hours.—*Emerson.*

FASHIONABLE DEFINITIONS.—What is fashion? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning. What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil—or a blue-tailed dog with green paws. What is joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars, or cheat the printer out of a year's subscription. What is knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words to be better than your neighbor.

FEMALE TACT.—Fanny Horton, a celebrated English actress, being hissed in her youth, had the boldness to come before the audience and ask, "Which do you dislike, my playing or my person?" "The playing! the playing!" was the cry from all sides. "Well, that consoles me," was the answer; "my playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter." She soon became the favorite of the public.

☞ "The world," most admirably remarked Horace Walpole, "is a Comedy to those who *think*, and a Tragedy to those who *feel*."

The Riddler.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 2, 28, 6, 19, 21, is a musical term signifying loud.
My 5, 27, 10, 4, 34, is a musical term.
My 14, 33, is a note of the musical scale.
My 22, 19, 3, 7, 2, holds the note of the gamut.
My 8, 18, 5, 19, is a character used in music.
My 25, 26, is a note of the gamut.
My 7, 15, 24, 19, is a musical term.
My 3, 11, 31, 28, 29, 19, 33, 11, 26, is a musical term.
My 3, 11, 12, 33, 31, 19, 6, is a musical term.
My 28, 14, 19, 23, 21, 9, is one of the beats of sextuple time.
My 7, 28, 6, 17, is an instrument used by musicians.
My 6, 9, 19, 33, 6, 25, 19, 11, 31, 29, is a musical term signifying slackening the time.
My 3, 6, 16, 19, 19, 24, is a little air or melody.
My 3, 26, is a note of the diatonic scale.
My whole is a maxim worthy to be remembered.

CINROS.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 3, 15, is a product of China.
My 2, 22, 10, 10, 12, 25, is a division of Greece.
My 3, 17, 3, 4, 2, 12, 13, 21, is a formidable beast inhabiting Asia.
My 4, 24, 19, 9, 6, 14, 15, is a country in Europe.
My 5, 20, 21, 22, 24, 21, 15, 14, 13, is the earnest desire of all talkative young ladies.
My 6, 5, 8, 1, 17, 24, was an ancient deity.
My 7, 17, 21, 3, is an instrument of writing.
My 8, 16, 20, comprises all the evil in existence.
My 9, 17, 19, is a pronoun.
My 10, 14, 23, is a little word which has done great mischief.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 21, 9, is the leading feature with many.
My 12, 13, 13, 12, is the beautiful name of a lady.
My 13, 8, 4, 2, 17, 20, is a division of Japan.
My 14, 13, is a pronoun.
My 15, 24, 1, is a favorite study of the learned.
My 16, 12, 18, 22, 23, 21, 14, 13, 3, is a small document much beloved by the love-sick swain.
My 17, 18, 14, 11, 5, is a useful fruit.
My 18, 17, 15, 6, we should not too often ask.
My 19, 18, 11, is the Latin word for grape.
My 20, 14, 7, 3, is a numeral.
My 21, 24, 9, is the watchword of the true.
My 22, 25, 1, is a Latin verb.
My 23, 25, 4, 5, 24, 12, 13, is a Spanish word for hope.
My 24, 9, 5, is a species of grain.
My 25, 23, 23, is what nearly all do every day.
My whole is a brigade in Mexico, whose untiring and courage will not be forgotten by their countrymen.

TENNESSEAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 26, 26, 6, 21, 12, 14, 5, is a county in Ohio.
My 15, 4, 35, 12, 29, 5, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 19, 6, 21, 3, 7, 26, is a college in New York.
My 26, 25, 36, 3, 19, 26, 23, 5, 12, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 4, 21, 31, 10, 33, 17, 28, 36, 8, is a town in Alabama.
My 4, 21, 17, 29, 26, is a county in Georgia.
My 24, 29, 5, 30, 9, 37, 18, 20, 10, was a battle in the Mexican war.
My 32, 8, 16, 37, 27, 5, is a river in England.
My 17, 27, 29, 21, 1, 29, 5, is a town in Ohio.
My 29, 25, 28, 34, 21, 29, 22, 10, is one of the United States.
My 11, 31, 23, 28, 12, is a country in Europe.
My whole is an institution of learning in the South States.

Oakland, Md. J. B. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* an ancient deity,
An article is my *second*,
My *third* a word,
Much used I've heard,
A preposition reckoned;
Of an ancient structure my *whole* is the name,
In the city of Rome you will find the same.

CINROS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Cut off my first and I am a statesman.
Cut off my two first and I am a liquor.
Cut off my three first and double my last I am a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
Cut off my four first and I am a novel.
Thousands are employed in catching my whole.

Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y. MYRON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a machine for drawing water.
My second is a word denoting relationship.
My whole is a vegetable.

Greencastle, Ind. RODNEY RIPJISK.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three numbers, in proportion to each other 1, 4, and 6. The square of the 3rd minus the square of 2nd, divided by the square of the 1st, is equal to the sum 2nd and 3rd. The 2nd multiplied by the 3rd, and divi by the square of the 1st, is equal to the 1st multiplied the 3rd. And the square of the 3rd, multiplied by the 1 is to the square of the 2nd, as 9 to 2. Required numbers?

Belmont Co., Ohio. WILLIAM

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the ladies' saloon the best place fo quiet smoke? Ans.—Because there is no smoking al (allowed) there.

☞ Why is the man who never laughs, like the wi man mentioned in Biblical history? Ans.—Because h a solemn man, (Solomon.)

☞ Why is a bill-sticker like a gambler? Ans.— cause he does nothing but placards (play cards.)

☞ Why is a butcher's cart like his boots? Ans.— cause he carries his calves there.

☞ Which are the two smallest insects mentioned Scripture? Ans.—The widow's *mite* and the wick *flea*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Battle of Ma thon, in the year four hundred and ninety before Chr MUSICAL ENIGMA.—Handel, the great German mu cian and musical composer. GEOGRAPHICAL ENI MA.—Independence Hall. CHARADE.—Putnam. CH RADE.—Intrenchment (Inn-trench-ment.) CHARADE Taranto (Tar-an-o.) MATHEMATICAL QUESTIO —Slope of hill 7 deg. 10 min. 50 sec. Tree from the bottom.

A SYRIAN DANDY.—Mr. De Forest, in his cent "Letters from Syria," gives an amus account of fashion among the Arabs. Speak of the great size of men's breeches, he goes to say: "A dressy Maronite Emir, of Mo Lebanon, actually came to his death by the b ness of his small-clothes. He wore trowsers that magnificence, that they took up a piece cloth a yard in breadth, and nine yards in leng In the war of 1840, he was engaged in a ba against the Druses, in which he and his took to their heels immediately of the enemy. He had, of start, but he was so encumbered [illegible] that the Druses caught him before he had died half a mile." He was immediately di sed of with a deadly weapon, thus sacrifi his life for the sake of displaying his trowser

SWEDISH COOKERY.—Some of the purely tional dishes, as lutfish on Christmas Eve, most extraordinary things, lutfish being the st fish steeped in a solution of potash, until, in decomposition takes place. On Christma the great evening of Sweden, this thing is and eaten with oil sauce; and this, together grot, which is simply boiled rice, form the d mas dishes of Sweden, just as roast be plum pudding do of England. The smell lutfish is terrific; but a true Swede cling national dish on Jul-aften as any bee Englishman does to his.